

FIFTY CENTS *

JULY 25, 1969

TIME

**MAN
ON THE
MOON**





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The bias-belted tire is better.

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difference in tires.**



TIME LISTINGS

STRAW HAT

Among the comedies lighting up the summer nights this week:

PETERBOROUGH, N.H. The Peterborough Players. When the lights go down, Peter Shaffer's characters cavort and sport their way through a people-jam in the dark in his hilarious *Black Comedy*. The Public Eye, another one-act by Shaffer, follows a seemingly errant young wife.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Playhouse. They were extras around Hamlet's Elsinore. When Tom Stoppard's spotlight shines on them, in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, they are found to be heroes of flashing wit but blinking comprehension, unsure whether they are involved in a comedy or a tragedy.

WESTPORT, CONN. Country Playhouse. Hans Conried plays a retired Connecticut Yankee chicken farmer who finds New York commuters both the boon and bane of his existence in Herman Shumlin's *Spooford*, a cut-down version of Peter De Vries' novel, *Reuben, Reuben*.

LAKE PLACID, N.Y. Playhouse. The characters in the four droll and sometimes touching playlets of Robert Anderson's *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running* share a universal preoccupation, sex, as it is used in art, as it wanes in middle age, as it bemuses parents of adolescent children, and as a fading memory of the very old.

HADDONFIELD, N.J. Camden County Music Fair. A bachelor dentist keeps himself from being trapped by telling his mistress that he is married; then when she wants to meet the wife, he puts his nurse through the drill of filling the part in *Cactus Flower*, a farce that stars Hugh O'Brian and Sheila MacRae.

NEW HOPE, PA. Bucks County Playhouse. The wife of a screwball American runs off with a Negro in Novelist Bruce Jay Friedman's flagellatingly funny first comedy, *Scuba Duba*.

DAYTON, OHIO. Kenley Players. A psychiatrist can understand everything about adolescents except his own teen-age daughter, who throws the ball in his court during *The Impossible Years*, by Robert Fisher and Arthur Marx.

ST. LOUIS, MO. Falstaff Theater. Walter Pidgeon is caught up in the vicarious pleasures and hysterical worries of a daddy whose little girl has gone off to college in *Take Her, She's Mine*, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. Town and Country Dinner Theater. Noel Coward's classic farce *Private Lives* finds Amanda and Elyot, who were previously married to each other, in adjoining Riviera hotel rooms with their new mates.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Ebony Showcase. An all-black cast performs Herb Gardner's *A Thousand Clowns*, about the friendship of a nonconformist lover of life and his polysyllabic twelve-year-old ward.

MUSIC

Europe in summertime abounds with music for every taste—from exoteric little festivals featuring medieval song to grandiose performances of opera in outdoor splendor, to instrumental concerts in historic settings. Among the highlights: **CLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL** (through Aug. 3) presents four operas amid the ambience of

a lush, 125-acre Sussex estate. Mozart's *Così fan tutte* and *Don Giovanni* alternate with Massenet's *Werther* and Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL (Aug. 24-Sept. 13) this year has an Italian slant, featuring works by composers from Monteverdi and Corelli to Dallapiccola and Nono. Opera predominates, but the London Symphony Orchestra, the New Philharmonia, and such soloists as Pianists Claudio Arrau and Misha Dichter, Violinists Itzhak Perlman and Nathan Milstein, can also be heard in nonoperatic works from Brahms to Stravinsky.

HASLEMERE FESTIVAL (July 18-26). Nestled in the Surrey woodlands 43 miles south of London, this annual event is directed by Recorder Virtuoso Carl Dolmetsch. The festival is famous for its authentic performances of early music on ancient instruments. The *pièce de résistance* this year is the first modern performance of a *Magnificat* for four voices by 16th-century Belgian Composer Baudouin Hoyoul.

BAYREUTH (July 25-Aug. 28) offers a new production of *The Flying Dutchman*, conducted by Silvio Varviso, staged by August Everding and designed by Prague's Josef Svoboda; the late Wieland Wagner's staging of *Parsifal*, *Tristan and Isolde* and the Ring; Brother Wolfgang's production of *Die Meistersinger*.

MUNICH (through Aug. 5) is an opera-lover's paradise, with no fewer than 13 works by composers ranging from Mozart, Verdi and Wagner to Native Son Richard Strauss and a première by Czechoslovakian's Jan Cílek. Four chamber music buffets there will be *Liederabende* by Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Hermann Prey. Another series of chamber music by Bach, Gabrieli, Gesualdo, Telemann, Haydn, Mozart and Scarlatti will be presented by small instrumental and vocal ensembles in the elegant 18th century Nymphenburg Palace (through July 27).

MONTEUX-VEVEY FESTIVAL (Aug. 29-Oct. 5) offers a varied but traditional program, including Mozart by Yehudi Menuhin's Festival Orchestra. Bach played on the organ by Munich's Karl Richter, Corelli and Vivaldi by I Musici di Roma, and even a night of Indian music with Sitarist Debabrata Chaudhury and Tabla Virtuoso Sitaram. The highlight of the festival will take place on Sept. 17, when the Orchestre de la Radio Suisse Italienne will present a concert of Mozart and Haydn at 10,000-ft.-high Diablerets Glacier.

LUCERNE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL (Aug. 13-Sept. 7). Good music, beautifully performed by topnotch artists, has always been Lucerne's strength. This year, the conductors include George Szell, Herbert von Karajan, William Steinberg and Istvan Kertész. Two husband-and-wife teams—Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry, Jacqueline Du Pré and Daniel Barenboim—will be heard in joint recitals. Among other soloists: Flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, Pianist Geza Ando, Violinist Zino Francescatti, Cellist Pierre Fournier.

AIX-EN-PROVENCE (through July 31). The Orchestre de Paris, under the direction of Herbert von Karajan, Karl Münchinger and others, will be in residence at this spa 17 miles north of Marseille. A wide spectrum of traditional and 20th century repertory will be offered in symphonic and chamber music programs. Also on

the schedule is a series of musical films, including Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* conducted by Von Karajan, *A Homage to Edgar Varèse*, and a feature on avant-garde Composers Karlheinz Stockhausen and Olivier Messiaen.

VERONA (through Aug. 17). Italy's oldest summer opera, now in its 47th year, offers *Turandot*, *Aida* and *Don Carlo* in an acoustically perfect Roman amphitheater. Tenors Carlo Bergonzi and Plácido Domingo, Sopranos Birgit Nilsson and Montserrat Caballé highlight the excellent casts.

SAIZBURG (July 26-Aug. 30) will not disappoint those who like the tried and true, though there will also be productions of some rarely heard operas. Emilio de Cavalieri's *The Representation of Body and Soul* (1600), Giovanni Battista Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona* (1733), and Mozart's *Bastien and Bastienne* spell Von Karajan's controversial production of *Don Giovanni*, and Beethoven's *Fidelio* under Karl Böhm's baton. The classics—heavy on Mozart, of course—will be given their due by the Vienna Philharmonic.

DUBROVNIK (through Aug. 25). The rugged scenic beauty of this Yugoslav seaport offers a feast for the eye while the ear attunes to the sounds of the Amadeus Quartet and the Zagreb Philharmonic. A glittering array of artists, including Soprano Martina Arroyo, Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, Violinist Isaac Stern, and Pianists Sviatoslav Richter and Alexis Weissenberg will all be on hand.

CINEMA

THE WILD BUNCH. The script is only another chapter in the legend of the West. But Sam Peckinpah's direction places him with the best of the newer generation of American film makers and makes the film a raucous and extremely violent classic of its genre.

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL. Yves Montand comes on as a sardonic, Gallic Bogart in this lively little French farce directed with wry mockery by Philippe de Broca.

TRUE GRIT is a creaky Western comedy that features a lot of painful cracker-barrel dialogue and a superb, self-mocking performance by John Wayne, who at 62 has never seemed more like The Duke.

THE POOL KILLER and **THE BOYS OF PAUL STREET**. In *The Pool Killer*, a runaway twelve-year-old orphan comes to the beginning of maturity through a series of picaresque adventures. The call to action in *The Boys of Paul Street* is a dispute over the last vacant lot in town. Both films are tragicomedies that are focused on—and for—youth.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Director Larry Peerce has produced some rare moments of social criticism in this film, but he frequently slips into burlesque. Nevertheless, Richard Benjamin and Ali MacGraw save the shortish but skillful performance.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. A Texas drifter and a Bronx loner provide the nucleus of an unusually moving picture about love among the loveless. John Schlesinger (*Darling*) directs Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman with a restraint that is often missing from the script.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Anna Karina (an usherette) is the taunting, haunting object pursued by Nicol Williamson (a wealthy blind Englishman). The script was carefully adapted from Nabokov's exploration of jet-black humor.

POPI. The plight of the poor is told with humor and bite in this surprisingly

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successful comedy. Alan Arkin is magnificent as a Puerto Rican widower with three jobs, struggling to get his children out of a New York ghetto.

BOOKS

Best Reading

SONS OF DARKNESS, SONS OF LIGHT, by John A. Williams. In this novel, set in 1973, a normally reasonable Negro civil rights leader hires a gunman to avenge the death of an unarmed black boy shot by a white New York City policeman. The result evokes the tragedy of a sleepwalking American society that can be awakened only by violence.

WHO TOOK THE GOLD A WAY, by John Leggett. Told with marvelous class and considerable spit and polish, this old-school novel recounts the tale of two Yale classmates who alternately befriend and betray each other well into middle age.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER, by Gay Talese. A Former New York Times staffer takes his readers far behind the bylines for a gossip analysis of the workings and power struggles within the nation's most influential newspaper.

THE YEAR OF THE YOUNG REBELS, by Stephen Spender. Mingling on the barricades with American and European student radicals, the Old Left poet and veteran of Spanish Civil War politics reports humanely on New Left ideals and spirit.

WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, I THINK, by L. Woiwode. A young couple expecting a baby embark on a honeymoon in the Michigan woods and discover terror in paradise.

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES, by Jane Jacobs. With a love of cities that overshadows mere statistics, the author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* explores the financial aspects of growth and decay in urban centers.

THE RUINED MAP, by Kobo Abe. In this psychological whodunit by one of Japan's best novelists (*The Woman in the Dunes*, *The Face of Another*), a detective turns a search for a missing husband into a metaphysical quest for his own identity.

ADA, by Vladimir Nabokov. A long, lyric fairy tale about time, memory and the 83-year-long love affair of a half sister and half brother by the finest living writer of English fiction.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susann (1 last week)
2. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (2)
3. *The Godfather*, Puzo (4)
4. *Ada*, Nabokov (3)
5. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (7)
6. *The Pretenders*, Davis
7. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (6)
8. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (5)
9. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (8)
10. *The Vines of Yarrabee*, Eden

NONFICTION

1. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
2. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talese (3)
3. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (2)
4. *Jennie*, Martin (4)
5. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (5)
6. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (7)
7. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (6)
8. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (9)
9. *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*, Newfield (8)
10. *A Long Row of Candles*, Sulzberger

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Russian Psychology	The Sickness of Corporations
Love and Will	Psychology of the Japanese Samurai
Nude Marathons	The Reform of Mental Hospitals
Mrs. Oedipus	Immunization Against Persuasion
Is Man a Machine?	The Dangers of Group Therapy
Learning Under Drugs	Fantasies While Breast Feeding
Hormones and Sex	Homosexuality Reconsidered
The Robot Problem	The Psychiatrist's Power
Adult Play Therapy	Student Activists
Body English	The Icarus Complex

No facts are beyond our pale. We talk about sex clinically and, when necessary, carnally. About children we are neither doting nor derisive. And with religion, we treat both the blasphemous and the beatific with objectivity. Lucidity is the watchword. You'll find no jargon in *Psychology Today*. No circumlocution, no pomposity. Our editors are as ruthless with their blue pencils as they are sensitive to your threshold of ennui.

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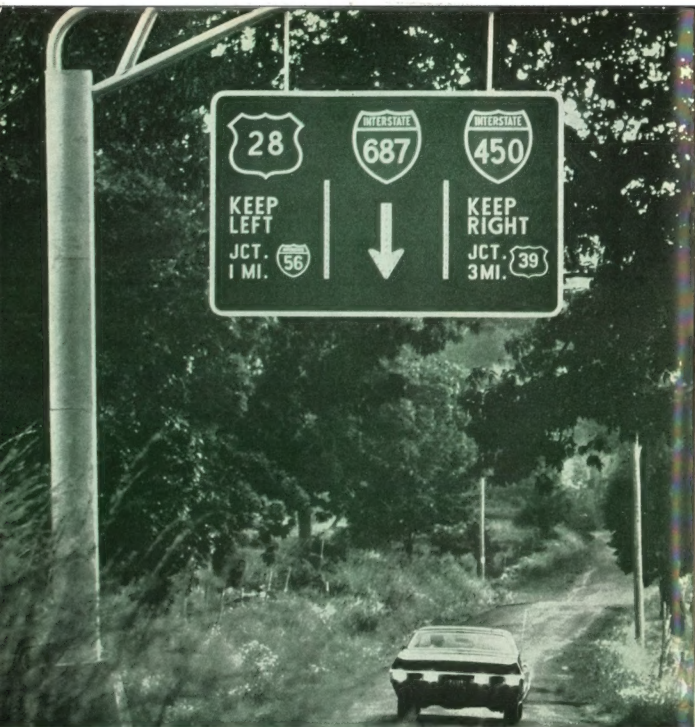
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provide revenue for the Fund. These taxes now include 10% of the manufacturers sales price on trucks and trailers; 10 cents per pound on tires; 10 cents per pound on inner tubes; 5 cents per pound on retread rubber; 4 cents per gallon on motor fuel; 8% on parts and accessories; 6 cents a gallon on lube oil; and on the larger trucks, a special annual tax of \$3 per 1,000 pounds.

A lot of taxes? Yes. Actually, although trucks represent only 16% of registered motor vehicles nationwide,

they pay one-third of all state and federal highway user taxes. (A typical 5-axle tractor-semi-trailer combination, for example, in a single year pays an average of nearly \$3500. Some pay even more.)

Yet the Interstate network is vital to our security and our economy. Where would we be without the Highway Trust Fund? Well...look at the photograph above.

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LETTERS

In the Eyes of the Beholders

Sir: All right, let's admit sex is great [July 11]. But when it hits you in the eye with belted monotony on the screen, in books, on the stage under the pretentious guise of the "new morality" (i.e., dressed-up smut) I find it quite tiresome. There's nothing funnier than a good dirty joke, and nothing flatter than a poor one. Seems to me, the plethora of poor ones going the rounds these days is all one hears. Who's laughing?

VIRGINIA U. PROUT

Greenwich, Conn.

Sir: How healthy that the subject of sex is now in the open. How sad that the sex act is no longer a private affair between two people.

MARY YARRISH

Hyattsville, Md.

Sir: John Wayne at 62, fully clothed, fat and half blind, is capable of generating more excitement, sexiness, tenderness, courage, humor, honesty, understanding, peace and, in the same breath, revolution in every man, woman or child who watches him on the screen for one performance than all the mudotheaters of *Hair*, *Chel* and *Oh! Calcutta!* combined could produce on stage if they were to do their thing from now until the year 2010, when they reach the Grand Duke's age. Hell, they can't even compete with the fig leaf on TIME's cover, which has more zip, unzipped, than either of the two characters posing behind it. By the way, which one is the good guy?

MRS. LAURENCE ANDREN

Cody, Wyo.

Sir: The enlightening aspect of the present revolution is not only that more pornography and erotic freedom are being allowed, but that, perhaps for the first time, "respectable" females are seeing, hearing or doing, without shame or guilt, what was, before, the privilege of only "bad girls" and men. Can we possibly hope to be witnessing the demise of the double standard?

If sexual revolutions have failed in the past, it may be because half the fighting force has always been left behind the lines, without rank or training. I would be bitter for myself and my female ancestors, but I'm too busy enjoying all this "good clean pornography" and getting rid of hang-ups.

MRS. J. M. JACOBSON

Edmonds, Wash.

Sir: Evangelist Billy Graham's chronicle of his descent into that 42nd Street pornographic Hades was very enlightening. I have always suspected that the Rev. Graham's interest in sex, as he says, ceased at 20; he has always struck me as such a clinically pure young man. And his mother raised him so correctly: I agree wholeheartedly that love can only exist "within the confines of marriage," as Graham says. I adore his word choice. Confine is such a good word. And his logic is still unsurpassed. Everyone knows that Adam and Eve's rebellion against God concerned more than the eating of an apple. Sex, I believe, was the issue. His observation is adroitly followed with the comment, "(sex is) something that God gave us." Ah, what a mystery is God—and Dr. Graham, for that matter.

PHIL BALESTRINO

Manhattan

Sir: You'd better unite and fight, you manufacturers of washing machines, dryers, irons, ironing boards, sewing machines, bleaches, detergents, spot removers, etc. We housewives might just begin to understand the synonymy of "nudity" and "freedom" and the many advantages derived therefrom!

MRS. ROBERT H. WAGHORNE

Baton Rouge, La.

Politics and the War

Sir: In the article "The War: Out By November 1970?" [July 11], TIME points out one of the reasons why the nation's youth have lost faith in American ideals. You state: "Nixon is worried that a continuation of the war could destroy Republican candidates in the 1970 mid-term congressional elections."

A young man is asked to serve his country, and perhaps sacrifice his life, for a cause of questionable morality and justice, while his President is worried about the irrelevant matter of the election of Republican candidates.

It is small wonder that young Americans are repelled by, and revolting against our values, priorities, insensitivity, and callous self-interest.

(MRS.) JANE R. TYRIE

Pittsburgh

The First Are the Last

Sir: Your perceptive article on the Havasupai Indians in Cataract Canyon [July 11] touched on problems not, unfortunately, limited to the "people who live by the blue-green water." The fact is that most reservation Indians are struggling mightily to overcome the decades of deprivation, dependence and despair. The reason: the first Americans are the last Americans when it comes to social and economic progress.

It is, however, unfair to singularly blame the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, which has admittedly in the past been highly bureaucratic and highhanded. The painful truth is that the various Congresses (which appropriate funds) and Administrations (which determine policy) have oftentimes been less than enlightened in their concern for and support of the American Indian.

PAUL FANNIN

U.S. Senator

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: So the Havasupai aren't status crazy, don't worship and are not slaves to the machine, don't make war or systematically

poison the earth, and they practice sequential, or Hollywood-style, marriage.

Let's leave them alone in their real-life Shangri-La. Their way of life may be better than ours.

ED VAN DYNE

Troy, Pa.

First Crusader

Sir: Your piece on DDT [July 11] is an excellent summary of the controversy that has split American science for 20 years, and we are grateful to you. However, in stating that the National Audubon Society "has just joined the public crusade against DDT," you leave a highly erroneous impression.

National Audubon's President (now emeritus) John H. Baker was the first conservation leader to warn the nation of DDT's hazards, back in 1946. In 1958 Baker called DDT "the greatest hazard to life on earth" and called for a federal \$25 million crash program of research; but he was labeled irrational and alarmist; the president of a large chemical company tore up his life membership in the Audubon Society.

From 1966 through 1969, Audubon endorsed, and used its Rachel Carson Fund to support, the court challenges to continued use of DDT which have been undertaken by the fundless Environmental Defense Fund.

My recent press conference simply took off from a record of years of stubborn fighting by National Audubon and announced an all-out effort to involve all 100,000 Audubon members and the general public in the final demise of DDT.

ELVIS J. STAHR

President

National Audubon Society

Manhattan

What So Proudly We Hailed . . .

Sir: I don't know why other people fly the American flag [July 11]; my husband and I keep one in our window because we don't "believe in the . . . values under attack" by student demonstrators. We don't think this makes us any less American. We don't believe that America belongs only to the warmakers, the exploiters, the bigots, the paranoids and the "don't rock our barbecue pit" gang. It also belongs to those of us who believe in peace, brotherhood, openness and the right of the individual to make his own life as long as he hurts no one else.

It's our flag too and, with Norman Thomas, we would rather wash it than burn it.

(MRS.) MARIAN H. NEUDELL

Chicago

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TV PICTURE OF ASTRONAUT ARMSTRONG TAKING FIRST STEPS ON MOON

ST. LOUIS

THE MOON

"A GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND"

THE ghostly, white-clad figure slowly descended the ladder. Having reached the bottom rung, he lowered himself into the bowl-shaped footpad of *Eagle*, the spindly lunar module of Apollo 11. Then he extended his left foot, cautiously, tentatively, as if testing water in a pool—and, in fact, testing a wholly new environment for man. That groping foot, encased in a heavy multilayered boot (size 9½B), would remain indelible in the minds of millions who watched it on TV, and a symbol of man's determination to step—and forever keep stepping—toward, the unknown.

After a few short but interminable seconds, U.S. Astronaut Neil Armstrong placed his foot firmly on the fine-grained surface of the moon. The time was 10:56 p.m. (E.D.T.), July 20, 1969. Pausing briefly, the first man on the moon spoke the first words on lunar soil:

"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

With a cautious, almost shuffling gait, the astronaut began moving about in the harsh light of the lunar morning. "The surface is fine and powdery, it adheres in fine layers, like powdered charcoal, to the soles and sides of my foot," he said. "I can see the footprints of my boots and the treads in the fine, sandy particles." Minutes later, Armstrong was joined by Edwin Aldrin. Then, gaining confidence with every step, the two jumped and looped across the barren land-

scape for 2 hrs. 14 min., while the TV camera they had set up some 50 ft. from *Eagle* transmitted their movements with remarkable clarity to enthralled audiences on earth, a quarter of a million miles away. Sometimes moving in surrealistic slow motion, sometimes bounding around in the weak lunar gravity like exuberant kangaroos, they set up experiments and scooped up rocks, snapped pictures and probed the soil, apparently enjoying every moment of their stay in the moon's alien environment.

After centuries of dreams and prophecies, the moment had come. Man had broken his terrestrial shackles for the first time and set foot on another world. Standing on the lifeless, rock-studded surface he could see the earth, a lovely blue and white hemisphere suspended in the velvety black sky. The spectacular view might well help him place his problems, as well as his world, in a new perspective.

Although the Apollo 14 astronauts planted an American flag on the moon, their feat was far more than a national triumph.* It was a stunning scientific and intellectual accomplishment for a creature who, in the space of a few mil-

* In any case, the U.S. could not have claimed sovereignty over the moon, even if it had been so inclined. A treaty drafted in 1966, and since signed by both Washington and Moscow, asserts that the moon is *terra nullius*, of no-man's-land, open to exploration and use by all nations.

lion years—an instant in evolutionary chronology—emerged from primeval forests to hurl himself at the stars. Its eventual effect on human civilization is a matter of conjecture. But it was in any event a shining reaffirmation of the optimistic premise that whatever man imagines he can bring to pass.

It was appropriate that the event was watched by ordinary citizens in Prague as well as Paris, Bucharest as well as Boston, Warsaw as well as Wapakoneta, Ohio. In practically every other corner of the earth, newspapers broke out what pressmen refer to as their "Second Coming" type to hail the lunar landing. Poets hymned the occasion. Wrote Archibald MacLeish:

*O
silver evasion in our farthest
thought—
"the visiting moon" . . . "the
glimpses of the moon" . . .
and we have touched you! . . .*

*Three days and three nights we
journeyed,
steered by farthest stars, climbed
outward,
crossed the invisible tide-rip where
the floating dust
falls one way or the other in the
void between,
followed that other down,
encountered
cold, faced death—unfathomable
emptiness.*

U.S. space officials, normally as detached and professionally cool as the astronauts they sent into space, in their own way also grew poetic. "We have clearly entered a new era," said Thomas O. Paine, Administrator of NASA. "The voices coming from the moon are still hard to believe."

For those who watched, in fact, the whole period that began with *Eagle's* undocking from *Columbia*, the command module, and its descent to the moon seemed difficult to believe. No work of the imagination, however contrived, could have rivaled it for excitement, suspense and, finally, triumph.

The Eagle Has Wings

As the orbiting command module and the lunar module emerged from behind the moon, having undocked while they were out of radio communication, an anxious capsule commentator in Houston inquired: "How does it look?" Replied Armstrong: "The *Eagle* has wings." The lunar module was on its own, ready for its landing on the moon.

Behind the moon again, on their 14th revolution, *Eagle's* descent engine was fired, slowing the module down and dropping it into the orbit that would take it to within 50,000 ft. of the lunar surface. The crucial word from Houston was relayed by Michael Collins, *Columbia* pilot, when a burst of static momentarily cut *Eagle* off from the ground. "You are go for PDI [powered descent insertion]." Again *Eagle's* descent engine fired, beginning a twelve-minute burn that was scheduled to end only when the craft was within two yards of the lunar surface. One of the most dangerous parts of Apollo 11's long journey had begun.

Now the tension was obvious in the voices of both the crew and the controller. Just 160 ft. from the surface Aldrin reported "Quantities light." The light signaled that only 114 seconds of fuel remained. Armstrong and Aldrin had 40 seconds to decide if they could land within the next 20 seconds. If they could not, they would have to abort, jettisoning their descent stage and firing their ascent engine to return to *Columbia*.

At that critical point, Armstrong, a 39-year-old civilian with 23 years of experience at flying everything from Ford tri-motors to experimental X-15 rocket planes, took decisive action. The automatic landing system was taking *Eagle* down into a football-field-size crater littered with rocks and boulders. Armstrong explained: "It required a manual takeover on the P-66 [a semiautomatic computer program] and flying manually over the rock field to find a reasonably good area." The crisis emphasized the value of manned flight. Had *Eagle* continued on its computer-guided course it might well have crashed into a boulder, toppled over or landed at an angle of more than 30° from the vertical making a later takeoff impossible. Said a shaken Paine in Houston's Mission Operations Control Room: "It crossed my mind that, boy, this isn't a simulation.

Perhaps we should come back for just one more simulation."

Now the craft was close to the surface. "Forty feet," called Aldrin, rattling off altitudes and rates of descent with crackling precision. "Things look good. Picking up some dust [stirred up on the surface by the blasting descent engine]. Faint shadow. Drifting to the right a little. Contact light! O.K. Engine stop." Armstrong quickly recited a ten-second check list of switches to turn off. Then came the word that the world had been waiting for.

"Houston," Armstrong called. "Tranquillity Base here. The *Eagle* has landed." The time: 4:17:41 p.m., E.D.T., just about 1½ minutes earlier than the landing time scheduled months before. It was a wild, incredible moment. There were cheers, tears and frantic applause at Mission Control in Houston. "You got a lot of guys around here about to turn blue," the NASA communicator radioed to *Eagle*. "We're breathing again." A little later, Houston added: "There's lots of smiling faces in this room, and all over the world." "There are two of them up here," responded *Eagle*. "And don't forget the one up here." Collins piped in from the orbiting *Columbia*.

Archetypal Tourist

For the next 3 hrs. 12 min., Armstrong and Aldrin busily read through check lists and punched out computer instructions, making all *Eagle's* systems ready for a quick takeoff if it should become necessary. Aldrin took time to describe the landing site: "It looks like a collection of just about every variety of shapes. Angularities, granularities, every variety of rock you could find."

After it became evident that the sturdy, 16-ton craft had survived the landing unscathed, the astronauts, eager to explore their new world, requested permission to skip their scheduled sleep period and leave *Eagle* around four hours earlier than planned. "Tranquillity Base," radioed Houston, "we've thought about it. We will support it."

Armstrong and Aldrin struggled to put on their boots, gloves, helmets and backpacks (known as PLSS, or Portable Life Support System) then depressurized *Eagle's* cabin and opened the hatch. Wriggling backward out of the hatch on his stomach, Armstrong worked his way across the LM "porch" to the ladder and began to climb down. On his way he pulled a lanyard that opened the MESA (Modularized Equipment Storage Assembly) and exposed the camera that televised the remainder of his historic descent. Thus the miracle of the moon flight was heightened by the miracle of TV from outer space, made possible by a special miniature camera (see TELEVISION). Because the camera had to be stowed upside down for a few seconds, Armstrong was turned topsy-turvy in the picture, a NASA television converter quickly righted it.

On the moon, even the taciturn Armstrong could not contain his excitement. He could not, of course, have known



NEIL ARMSTRONG



EDWIN ALDRIN



MICHAEL COLLINS
Hurled at the stars.

about the gentle admonition made by his wife Janet as she watched the mission on TV: "Be descriptive now, Neil." Yet suddenly he began to bubble over with detailed descriptions and snap pictures with all the enthusiasm of the archetypal tourist. Houston had to remind him four times to quit clicking and get on with a task of higher priority: gathering a small "contingency" sample of lunar soil that would guarantee the return of at least some moon material if the mission had to be suddenly aborted.

"Just as soon as we finish these pictures," said Armstrong. Scooping up the soil, he reported: "It's a very soft surface. But here and there, where I probe with the contingency sample collector, I run into very hard surface." Even his geologic descriptions bordered on the rhapsodic. "It has a stark beauty all its

them back to earth; and 3) a reflector for measuring precise earth-moon distances by bouncing laser beams from earth directly back to the source.

The seismometer went to work immediately. It recorded and transmitted to earth evidence of the tremors caused when Aldrin hammered tubes into the lunar surface to collect core samples. It also registered the thud when the astronauts dropped their backpacks from Eagle's hatch. But the first test of the laser reflector failed when a beam shot from California's Lick Observatory missed the reflector by about 50 miles.

Fifty-three minutes after Armstrong first set foot on the moon, Houston urged him and Aldrin to move within camera range. "The President of the United States would like to say a few words to you," Mission Control advised. The President has been eager all

box, sealed both boxes, and hauled them via a clothesline-like pulley into the lunar module. Two hours and 31 minutes after Armstrong first emerged, both men had climbed back inside Eagle, and the hatch was closed.

In addition to the flag, the astronauts left behind a number of mementos from the earth. There was a 14-in. silicon disk bearing statements (reduced in size 200 times) by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, and words of good will from leaders of 72 different countries. The disk also bore a message from Pope Paul VI quoting from the Eighth Psalm, a hymn to the Creator:

When I behold your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars which you set in place—

What is man that you should be mindful of him, or the son of man that you should care for him?

You have made him little less than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor.

You have given him rule over the works of your hands, putting all things under his feet...

Attached to a leg of the lunar module's lower stage, which would remain on the moon when the upper portion blasted off, was the already famous "We came in peace" plaque signed by President Nixon and Apollo 11 Astronauts Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins. Also to be left behind medals and shoulder patches in memory of Yuri Gagarin, Vladimir Komarov, Virgil Grissom, Roger Chaffee and Edward White, five men who had died while in Soviet or U.S. space programs.

Later, after reopening the hatch, the astronauts tossed out LM equipment unnecessary for the return trip, their backpacks, boots and other items that had been exposed to lunar soil and dust. Then, their lunar excursion successfully completed, they settled down to a relaxed meal and a rest. It was strange to think that while much of the U.S. slept, two Americans were also sleeping in their cramped quarters on the distant and silent moon. Some 21 hours after landing on the moon, Armstrong and Aldrin were ready to blast off in the five-ton upper stage of the lunar module. Later, they were to rendezvous and dock with the orbiting Columbia.

Other stages of the flight had been—and would be—dangerous enough. At any point during the eight-day journey, a massive failure of the electrical or oxygen systems, or a collision with a large meteor would almost surely result in tragedy. But lift-off was the most nerve-racking part of the mission. If the ascent engine had failed to start, Eagle would have been stranded on the lunar surface. Too short a burn would have tossed the module into a trajectory that would send it smashing back onto the lunar surface. Had the LM achieved an orbit with an apocynthion (high point)



ALDRIN & ARMSTRONG PLANT U.S. FLAG
For more than a national triumph

own. It's like much of the high desert of the United States. It's different, but it's very pretty out here."

Aldrin, obviously itching to join Armstrong, asked: "Is it OK, for me to come out?" As soon as he touched the surface, he jumped back up to the first rung of the ladder three times to show how easy it was. Then, delighted with his new-found agility despite the 183 lbs. of clothing and gear that he carried, he became the first man to run on the lunar surface.

Armstrong moved the still-operating camera to its panorama position on a tripod aimed at the lunar module. During the next two hours, the astronauts went busily about their appointed tasks, moving in and out of the camera's view. They planted a 3-ft. by 5-ft. American flag, stiffened with thin wire so that it would appear to be flying in the vacuum of the moon. Effortlessly they set up three scientific devices: 1) a solar wind experiment, consisting of a 4-ft.-long aluminum-foil strip designed to capture particles streaming in from the sun; 2) a seismometer to register moonquakes and meteor impacts and report

along to associate himself with the mission. Now, as both astronauts stood still at attention near the flag, Nixon told them: "This certainly has to be the most historic phone call ever made... All the people on this earth are truly one in their pride of what you have done, and one in their prayers that you will return safely."

In the remaining time, Armstrong and Aldrin scooped up about 60 lbs. (earth weight) of rocks for one of the lunar sample boxes. Using a core sampler, Aldrin was to have dug some 13 in. into the moon's surface, but he had to hammer the tool vigorously to drive it no more than 9 in. deep. "The material was quite well packed," he said. "The way it adhered to the core tube, it gave me the impression of being moist." The astronauts managed to collect 20 lbs. of rocks for the sample box that was supposed to hold sorted and identified rocks. Unfortunately, with time running out, none of the rocks were actually catalogued. At the urging of controllers ("Head on up the ladder"), the astronauts rolled up the solar wind experiment, placed it in a sample

continued on page 14

TIME, JULY 25, 1969



Spewing a dragon's breath of smoke and flame from Saturn 5's booster, Apollo 11 lifts off from Cape Kennedy to begin

251,000-mile flight to the moon—and carry three Americans toward man's first landing on another celestial body.



Nearly 1,000,000 earthlings, a record outpouring for a launch, jam the beaches near the Cape to give Apollo 11 a lusty, shoulder-to-shoulder send-off.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID A. TURNER



Like the astronauts themselves, Apollo watchers make the best possible use of their own limited space as they camp out along U.S. Highway 1 before the launch.

WALL GROUP

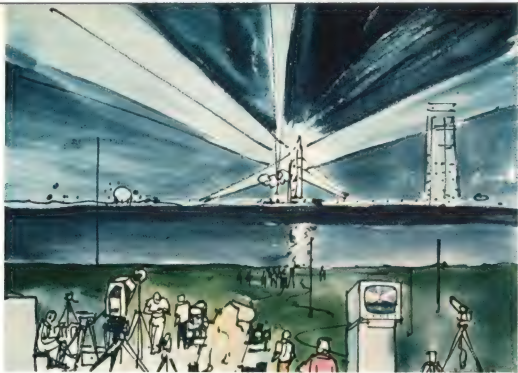




Even though the slogans on his own terrestrial vehicle suggest some skepticism, an early-rising spectator takes a prelaunch sighting of Apollo 11 on its pad.

Squinting in the sun, ex-President Johnson (center), Astronaut Tom Stafford (far left), Lady Bird Johnson and Vice President and Mrs. Agnew watch lift-off.





Among artists commissioned by NASA to sketch event was Robert McCall, whose watercolor shows scene at dawn.

Across a strip of water from launch pad 39A, father and son watch Apollo rise on a pillar of flames.



The Scene at the Cape: Prometheus and a Carnival

COVERING a football game or a space shot, TV these days delivers technical excellence, informed commentary and immediacy. So why go to the scene? Were the hundreds of thousands of tourists, the 6,000 or so special guests of NASA and the 1,782 journalists all foolish to take the trouble of being at Cape Kennedy? Just ask one who walked into the Vehicle Assembly Building, where the 363-ft.-tall Saturn 5 rocket was put together, and listen to him insist that no picture had ever prepared him for the experience of looking up at the towering vastness, the esthetic curves of the work platforms, the cathedral-like sense of man's puniness. No camera angle or word comparison can convey the feeling of standing like a blade of grass alongside the impersonal white complexity of the lofty moon rocket itself.

In the darkness of 5 a.m., when the brilliantly floodlit rocket gives off rays of light like a star sapphire, it seems entirely possible that so beautiful a machine might reach the moon. But with sunrise and the reappearance of the normal landscape, doubt intrudes; eventually, at a distance of three miles, the rocket seems to shrink in size and magic until it becomes an act of almost Prometheus-gall to aim it at the heavens.

At ignition, nothing that TV says or does can recreate the waves of sound that actually buffet the ears, chest and gut of the spectator. The slowness of lift-off contrasts incredibly with the acceleration into flight. The head goes back, hands are raised to block out the sun, tears of relief and perhaps pride fill the eye. The sense of brute power boring an escape hole through the atmosphere is heightened by a sudden realization that one is being left behind. The earth itself seems to be dropping away as fast as the wingless rocket is accomplishing the completely unnatural act of heaving itself upward and bursting through the sky.

This was what the crowds had come to witness. Jules Verne had the vision more than a century ago. When Western man finally launched himself into space, he foresaw, it would be from Florida's midsection. Men with less foresight saw only a forbidding stretch of sand, scrub and fetid marshland that was bypassed even during the land boom of the 1920s. In the 1950s, recalls Space Reporter Al Volker of the *Miami News*, the space program was so hushed up that the only way to find out that a shot had taken place was to have a Cocoa Beach bartender telephone the news. But in the 1960s the time had come for Verne's idea. With it came a population of 250,000, cinder-block subdivisions, all the effluvia of a boom town and, last week, a million guests in a carnival atmosphere.

Cocoa Beach pays unending tribute to the space age that made it prosper. Motel bear names like Sea Missile, Satellite and Polaris. There is a Celestial Trailer Court and an Astro-Dine Outer Space Eat-In. George's Steak House has rest rooms marked "Astronauts" and "Astronets." The menu suggests: "Lift off with a three-stage martini. Order a steak that soars to an apogee of taste and splash down with coffee."

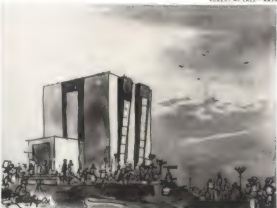
At least ten days before the launch the crowds began streaming in—those without press passes or VIP badges, families with young children, groups of students. They came out of curiosity to see a sensational event, but plainly also with a strong sense of patriotism. Thousands converged on the Cape by boat; 3,000 craft of every description gathered on the Indian and Banana rivers. They also came in jalopies of no recognizable genus, in Skampers, Starcrafts, Swingers and Shastas, in Lo-Liners, Open Roads, Trade Winds and Nomads, packing the campsites and motels. Long-Distance Runner Bill Emmer-ton, 49, arrived on foot, having jogged 1,034 miles from Houston.

On "T-minus-three" (for takeoff-minus-three days), as NASA labeled the Sunday before the launch, most journalists who covered the event were already on hand. Close to 850 came from abroad, representing 54 countries and speaking in languages ranging from Spanish to Punjabi. Old hands at space reporting set up a telephone watch of the countdown and otherwise filled the evenings with beach parties, dancing at George's and lots of "Hemingway daiquiris" (Papa's recipe: grapefruit juice, lime juice, Bacardi and a dash of grenadine).

In contractors' hospitality suites, private houses, hotel ballrooms and on yachts, the cups never ceased running over. CBS commenced the nonstop round of parties with a "Come and Meet Walter Cronkite" bash Sunday afternoon. While Cronkite mingled affably in his role as a national institution, a clerk for an airline took reservations for the firm's "first charter flight to the moon" and trotted out a "space age" stewardess encased from head to knee in a plastic bubble. "You can't win in this town," muttered Norman Mailer as he walked past her.

NASA's distinguished guest list included General William Westmoreland, Terence Cardinal Cooke, Charles

ROBERT MC CALL—NASA



DRAWING OF SCENE AT ASSEMBLY BUILDING

Lindbergh, Johnny Carson and Jack Benny—not to mention 205 Congressmen, 30 Senators, 19 Governors, 50 mayors and 69 ambassadors. Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson flew in from Houston, representing President Nixon, and dined on launch's eve with NASA Administrator Thomas Paine. On launch day, the VIP grandstand was a miniature *Who's Who* of white America; it was disturbing to note that black faces were scarce.

Soon after the relentless Florida sun came up, coats, ties and even shirts came off. The long wait grew wearisome, until the announcement: "T-minus-two minutes." Idle conversation halted. Tedium evaporated. "We have lift-off," said Mission Control. People shouted "Go! Go! Go!" and whispered "God bless you." In another two minutes, there was nothing to see but the blue sky. For those incredible two minutes, said the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, who led 250 Poor People's Campaigners in a protest march, he was so stunned by the sight and so proud of the astronauts that he forgot there was hunger.

He would soon remember. But Abernathy—and the thousands of others who were on the scene—would probably also recall that moment last week as the biggest historical event of their lives. A radio newsmen thrust a microphone into the face of William F. Buckley. "You're an eloquent man, Mr. Buckley," said the interviewer. "How would you describe what you've just seen?"

"With silence," said Buckley.

much less than 50,000 ft., *Columbia* would have been unable to reach it. As it turned out, departure from the moon was triumphantly smooth. Of course, even after lift-off and redecking, there were still the dangers of the homeward trip. Control failures could cause the spacecraft to re-enter the earth's atmosphere at too steep an angle and burn to a cinder, or at so flat an angle that it would bounce off the outer fringes of the atmosphere far into space. There its oxygen would be exhausted before it could loop back to the earth.

The Beginning

The early part of Apollo 11's epic journey had been as uneventful as the latter part was suspenseful. Lift-off was nearly perfect. Rising Phoenix-like above its own exhaust flames, a scant 724 milliseconds behind schedule, the giant rocket shook loose some 1,300 lbs. of ice that had frozen on its white sides. Although it was the heaviest space vehicle ever fired aloft—6,484,289 lbs. at ignition—it cleared the launch tower in twelve seconds.

Less than twelve minutes after lift-off, a brief boost from the S-4B third stage placed Apollo into a circular 119-mile orbit at a velocity of 17,427 m.p.h. Over the Pacific for the second time, just 24 hrs. after launch, the spacecraft was cleared by Houston for "translunar insertion" (TLI). Firing for five minutes, the reliable S-4B engine accelerated the ship to 24,245 m.p.h., fast enough to tear it loose from the earth's gravitational embrace and send it toward the moon. At a point 43,495 miles from the moon, lunar gravity exerted a force equal to the gravity of the earth, then some 200,000 miles distant. Beyond that crest, lunar gravity predominated, and Apollo was on the "downhill" leg of its journey.

Through the remainder of the outbound flight, Apollo 11 astronauts were less talkative than their Apollo 10 predecessors. "It's all dead air and static," said an official in Mission Control.

The astronauts compensated for the uninspiring conversations with Houston during several performances in front of their color television camera—something that apparently can bring out the ham in any man. At one point, Collins said: "O.K., world. Hang onto your hat. I'm going to turn you upside down." As Collins rotated his camera, keeping it pointed toward the earth, the blue and white planet took an erratic 180° turn on earth-based TV screens. "I'm making myself seasick," Collins called to Houston. "I'm going to put you right side up." The earth promptly performed another lazy turn on the TV screens.

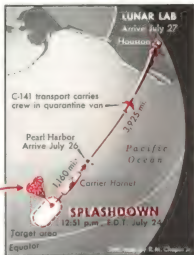
Snakes in the Lake Bed

Continuing their flawless flight, the astronauts zoomed past the western rim of the moon at 5,645 m.p.h. They were whipped behind the far side and into lunar orbit by the moon's gravity and a 5-min. 57-sec. burn of the reliable SPS engine that reduced their speed to

3,736 m.p.h. When they emerged from behind the eastern edge, after 34 minutes during which radio communication was blocked, they had dropped into a 70-by-196-mile-high orbit.

That was about as close as Collins, the affable, relaxed Air Force lieutenant colonel, would get. Before the trip, he complained good-humoredly that because he would be piloting *Columbia* during the moon walk, he would be "about the only person in the world who won't get to see the thing on television." He asked Houston to save a videotape for him. At least, said Collins, "I'm going 99.99% of the way."

Coming around the eastern limb of the moon on their first revolution, the astronauts began sending another TV show to earth. This time they focused the cam-



era on the desolate landscape below. After a long period of silence, a Houston capsule communicator pleaded: "Would you care to comment on some of those craters as we go by?" At last the astronauts came to life.

"Just going over Mount Marilyn," said Armstrong, referring to a triangular-shaped peak named for the wife of Apollo 8 astronaut James Lovell. "Now we're looking at what we call Bos Hill. On the right is the crater Centosiris P." The spacecraft passed over Side-winder and Diamondback, two of the sinuous rills that had caused Apollo 10 astronaut John Young to wonder "if some time long ago fish hadn't been jumping in those creeks." Commented Collins: "It looks like a couple of snakes down there in the lake bed."

At one point, Houston radioed to Apollo 11: "We've got an observation you can make if you have some time up there. There's been some lunar transient events reported in the vicinity of Aristarchus." Astronomers in Bochum, West Germany, had observed a bright glow on the lunar surface—the same sort of eerie luminescence that has intrigued moon watchers for centuries. The report was passed on to Houston and thence to the astronauts. Almost immediately, Armstrong reported back,

"Hey, Houston, I'm looking north up toward Aristarchus now, and there's an area that is considerably more illuminated than the surrounding area. It seems to have a slight amount of fluorescence." Aldrin confirmed his observation. Many scientists believe the glows are caused by lunar eruptions, complete with fire fountains and lava flows.

One thing the astronauts did not observe was Apollo's companion in lunar orbit—the Soviet Union's unmanned Luna 15 moon probe (see p. 17). Arriving in the neighborhood two days before the U.S. spacecraft, Luna went into an orbit as close as ten miles from the moon and eventually landed. The chances that Luna would be visible from Apollo 11—much less collide with it—were estimated by Houston's Christopher Columbus Kraft, director of flight operations, as about "one in a billion."

Momentous Day

None of the astronauts slept very long before awakening to the most momentous day of their lives. Collins got six hours, Aldrin and Armstrong five apiece. During Apollo's eleventh revolution of the moon, Aldrin and Armstrong donned their space suits and crawled through a tunnel for a final checkout of the lunar module before its long separation from the command module. They paid particular attention to *Eagle's* propulsion systems—the tanks containing the hypergolic fuels that fire the descent and ascent engines, and the pressure gauges on the helium that forces the fuels into the combustion chambers, where they burn upon contact with one another. Efficient and businesslike, they completed the check 30 minutes ahead of schedule. Two minutes before the spacecraft disappeared behind the moon on its 13th revolution, Houston advised: "We're go for undocking." Tense minutes followed until the spacecraft emerged from the far side and Armstrong reported that *Eagle* had wings.

Thus did Armstrong and Aldrin set out on that last, epochal one-hundredth of 1% of the outbound journey. Some nine hours later, while *Columbia* was out of contact on the far side of the moon, Armstrong and Aldrin stepped down from the ungainly looking *Eagle*—and into history. It was a moment that would surely survive long after the criticism that has accompanied every step of the space program is forgotten—understandable as that criticism may be in view of the pressing problems back on earth. It was, too, a moment that symbolized man's wondrous capacity for questing, then conquering, then questing yet again for something just beyond his reach. But the black vastness that served as a backdrop for the two astronauts' walk on the moon also was a reminder of something else. Stargazer, now star-reacher, man inhabits a smallish planet of an ordinary sun in a garden-variety galaxy that occupies the tiniest corner of a universe whose scope is beyond comprehension.

GUARD AGAINST THE UNKNOWN

EVEN if their mission is a complete triumph, the Apollo 11 astronauts will face a reception far different from those accorded to previous space heroes on their return to earth. There will be no casual camaraderie with the frogmen after splashdown, no lengthy welcoming rites aboard the recovery carrier, no embraces with their wives in Houston. The moon voyagers will be treated—literally—as if they had the plague.

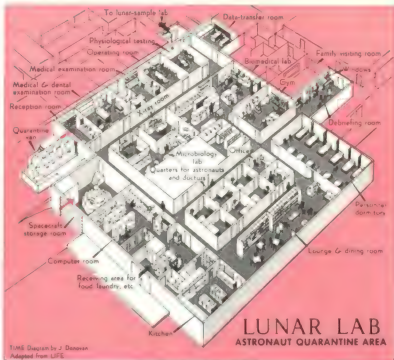
To guard against the remote possibility that they are harboring unknown lunar organisms that might endanger life on earth, the astronauts will be forced to exchange the isolation of space for a terrestrial variety nearly as lonely. For 21 days after Apollo leaves the moon, they will be in quarantine.

Pool of Antiseptic

At the recovery site in the Pacific, a frogman dressed in an all-enveloping biological insulation garment (BIG) will open the command-module hatch, toss in three similar garments and quickly close it again. Inside the Apollo cabin, the astronauts will don and seal their BIGs before reopening the hatch and stepping into a pool of antiseptic at the bottom of an adjacent rubber raft. Almost immediately, the frogman will again close the hatch, spray antiseptic around its edges, and then give the astronauts themselves a thorough spraying.

In their suits, the astronauts will be effectively prevented from contaminating the atmosphere. When they inhale, air will be drawn into their BIGs through a one-way valve; the air they exhale will be vented through a biological filter designed to block the passage of tiny organisms. Conversely, the frogman will be protected by a biological filter to screen the air that he inhales. Some scientists fear that these elaborate precautions—and those that follow—could be negated during the two brief intervals when the Apollo hatch is opened; alien organisms inside the spacecraft could take these opportunities to escape into the air and the sea. Space officials consider that an extremely remote possibility. Says Persa Bell, director of NASA's Lunar Receiving Laboratory: "The chance of bringing any thing harmful back from the moon is probably one in a hundred billion."

After the astronauts are taken by helicopter to the recovery carrier, they will be hustled without ceremony into a biologically sealed van that vaguely resembles a house trailer without wheels. There they will join a flight surgeon and a technician, who will share the remainder of their quarantine time with them. During the next 67 hours, the sealed van with its five occupants will travel aboard the carrier to Ford Island, Hawaii, where it will be unloaded, flown in a C-141 to Ellington Air Force Base near Houston, and trans-



ported by truck to the Manned Spacecraft Center.

The airtight, watertight van is divided into a lounge, a galley and an area for sleeping and bathing. Meals will be passed into the van through an air lock and prepared in a microwave oven in the galley. Air pressure inside the van will be lower than it is outside; if a leak occurs, the "negative" pressure will cause outside air to flow in, preventing organisms from escaping.

Ultraviolet Shower

At the Manned Spacecraft Center, the van will be rolled up to the Lunar Receiving Lab (LRL), an 83,000-sq.-ft., \$15.8 million building designed specifically to house the astronauts and lunar samples during the quarantine period. After walking through an airtight plastic tunnel extended from the van, the Apollo crewmen and their two traveling companions will enter the astronaut-reception area, which occupies about a third of the laboratory. A dozen others—NASA physicians, technicians, a cook and a public relations man—will join them until the quarantine period ends.

In the LRL, each astronaut will have a separate room furnished in Sears, Roebuck Early American style with single bed, dresser, night table, chair and lamp. In identical adjoining rooms, there will be three physicians, one for each astronaut, to provide constant medical attention. The astronaut-reception area also contains a recreation room, a shower and locker room, a lounge lined with bookshelves, a dining room and a kitchen. In a nearby complex of rooms, NASA has also put together one of the most complete biomedical centers in the U.S. There the physicians will sub-

ject the astronauts to exhaustive clinical, chemical and microbiological tests.

Like the van, the astronaut area will be completely sealed off from the outside world, with its own air-conditioning and negative-pressure system. The air that the astronauts and their companions breathe will be continuously filtered and treated as it is recirculated, to cleanse it of any unwelcome organisms. Body wastes will be sterilized, and any notes that the astronauts wish to pass outside will be sterilized first for 16 hours in ethylene oxide gas. Even the traditional flight debriefing will be sterile. The astronauts will review details of their mission on one side of a glass wall while NASA officials question them and listen on the other side, communicating through a speaker system. In the same room, the astronauts will chat through the glass with their families.

Drastic Measures

NASA has not revealed how it would react to the outbreak of a strange illness inside the astronaut-receiving area. If the symptoms were mild, the quarantine would presumably be extended at least until the disease had run its course. NASA would have to consider more drastic measures to protect the health of the world's population if the illness proved disabling or deadly—like that in Novelist Michael Crichton's best-seller, *The Andromeda Strain*.

If, as NASA fully expects, no alarming symptoms develop in the astronauts, their attendants, or the test animals and plants in the adjoining lunar-sample laboratory, the three men of Apollo 11 will at last be allowed to emerge into the outside world in mid-August for a belated and well-deserved welcome.

AWE, HOPE AND SKEPTICISM ON PLANET EARTH

AS Apollo 11 hurtled through the heavens to land two Americans on the moon, it seemed as if all mankind were kin. Whether in stilt-supported houses over the canals of Bangkok or by the azure swimming pools of Beverly Hills, families sat mesmerized before the flickering history unfolding on their television screens. Along London's Piccadilly and Tokyo's Ginza, crowds and traffic thinned as the launch began. In West Berlin, as in South Nyack, N.Y., there was a rare sense of camaraderie. Strangers on the street were united by the universal question: "How are they doing?" It seemed, as

ship around the U.S., clerics and laymen prayed for the astronauts' success. At St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church in Boston, the four brothers of Patricia Finnegan Collins, wife of Astronaut Mike Collins, heard Father John Schatzel read from *Genesis*: "I will be with you and protect you wherever you go. I will bring you back to this land." In Neil Armstrong's home town of Wapakoneta, Ohio, the Rev. Herman J. Weber prayed at St. Paul's United Church of Christ: "Oh thou great architect of the universe, it is only because thy universe is an embodiment of order and harmony upon

saw that spaceship and the men with the flags on their sleeves. But I must confess that I also thought of all the people who live in the ghettos. This is their flag, too. The flag may be flying on the moon, but it is also flying in their neighborhoods, where there are poverty, disease and rats."

Opposition to an expensive space program runs especially high among most of the nation's blacks. Black Panther Leader Eldridge Cleaver, a fugitive from justice in California, turned up in Algiers to denounce the moon shot as "a circus to distract people's minds from the real problems, which are here on the ground." "I think it's a waste of money," said Arvis Gilmore, a black typist at the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in Chicago. "There's poverty all over the place, and yet we spend billions of dollars going to the moon."

Is the Moon White?

To the argument that the billions for the space program could have been more usefully spent on the nation's myriad domestic ills, Brandeis Political Scientist John Roche—once President Johnson's resident intellectual—replies that the fundamentally conservative U.S. Congress would never have showered such sums on the problems of America. Adds Stanford's Felix Bloch, a Nobel laureate in physics: "Progress in science cannot be measured in dollars. The benefits of the expedition are so likely to surpass anything we can expect that the cost will seem a trifle once the results come in." Others suggest that while federal spending on space exploration is intrinsically constructive, vast defense outlays are not. If federal funds are to be diverted to urgent domestic needs, they contend, the money should come from the Pentagon.

If to many the moon seemed white, it also seemed middle-aged. Excitement about the voyage was strongest among those old enough to remember how fantastic the project seemed a generation ago. The young, who have grown up in the TV and space age, seemed the most blasé of all. Noted Andrew Craig, head of aeronautical engineering at Wichita State University: "They take for granted that what you see in 2001: *A Space Odyssey* will be commonplace in their adult lives." Mrs. John Graves, an elderly Atlanta housewife, expressed a different kind of disenchantment. "It's all a bunch of foolishness." Didn't they say that about Columbus? "Yes, and that was a bunch of foolishness, too."

It did not seem so to the majority of Americans, and certainly not to the majority of people abroad. By satellite television, the voyage of Apollo 11 was seen and heard round the world by an audience estimated at 528 million by ABC-TV, which handled pool coverage. Many other nations sought a sense of sharing and involvement in the great adventure. Italians pointed proudly to Astronaut



KOREANS IN SEOUL WATCHING MISSION'S START
United by the universal question.

Tennyson wrote more than a century ago, "One far-off divine event/To which the whole creation moves."

In the U.S., East Coast workers either rushed to the office early or stayed home until midmorning to watch the lift-off; across the country, Californians climbed out of bed at dawn to agonize through the countdown.

Most people seemed as awed by the colossal scale of the undertaking as they were baffled by its complexity. To many, the long series of space shots had become routine—until the moment that the mission of Apollo 11 finally struck home. Across the land, at the instant of launch and landing, women dabbed their eyes and men blinked back their emotions. In Alaska, Newspaper Publisher Larry Fanning observed: "Intellectually and emotionally, man is incapable of parsing out the stunning implications of this fantastic voyage."

Despite the near-perfect record of Apollo space flights, many feared the perils of the journey. In houses of wor-

ship we can rely, that we are able to explore with sincere faith the vast imponderables of space and the moon's hidden mystery."

Americans were gratified that the U.S. had won the race with the Soviet Union to land men on the moon. Said Patricia Lepis of Brooklyn: "It's the greatest thing that could happen to this country. It's definitely an American triumph." Houston cameraman Ron Bozman argued: "The moon is there and we Americans have to get there first." More often, the moon mission evoked an exhilarating sense of human solidarity and potential. "I believe it's man's greatest achievement to date," said Barry Davidoff, 16, a student at the Bronx High School of Science. "It's a triumph for everybody."

Almost universally, Americans agreed that the moon voyage was a transcendent achievement—but that domestic demands are equally pressing. As John Furst, a University of Pennsylvania student, put it: "I was very proud when I

Collins' Roman birth. Frenchmen recalled that Jules Verne had charted the voyage more than 100 years ago. Germans noted that it was Werner von Braun who had labored a quarter-century to perfect a rocket that could carry men to the moon. Russians were gratified that the American astronauts carried to the moon medals awarded posthumously to two Soviet cosmonauts, Yuri Gagarin and Vladimir Komarov. Color television sets were virtually sold out in Japan.

More than 50,000 South Koreans watched the launch on a giant screen in Seoul. David Threlfall, 26, waited in London to collect his bounty from the bookmaking firm of William Hill Ltd.; he bet \$24 in 1964 that men would land on the moon by 1971, and got 1,000-to-1 odds. In Beirut on the morning of launch, a woman gave birth to her eleventh child—and promptly named him Apollo Eleven Salim. The Grand Mufti of Egypt, Sheikh Ahmed Hereidi, said he approved lunar exploration because "the Koran urges Moslems to look up from their earthly abode to what lies behind the moon and the stars." In Recife, Brazilians planned an off-season carnival with float parades and dancing in the streets.

Less Anthropocentrism

Even if the mission proved to be completely successful, it was much too soon to assess its true significance. Historian James MacGregor Burns was not impressed. "It's a very proud and fine day for all Americans," he said, "but it's an event apart from the main flow of history." Stanford Physicist Robert Hofstadter, a Nobel prizewinner, disagreed: "In a thousand years there will be few things remembered, but this will be one of them."

To some, Apollo 11's mission to the moon means hope for a less anthropocentric view of man and a new perspective on the human condition. "I think if we can get so far away from ourselves, we should be able to look back down here and see how tiny the earth is," said Rita Moore, an Atlanta secretary. "Maybe we'll be able to see now that we're all on a small planet and we ought to be working together." Said famed Biochemist Isaac Asimov: "It will teach us to be humble. The earth is a small body, a tiny thing lost in a vast universe." The British Interplanetary Society prepared a message for the astronauts on their return, ending with H. G. Wells' prophecy: "When man has conquered all the depths of space and the mysteries of time, then will he be but still beginning." If disaster were to overtake the astronauts of Apollo 11, or a later moon mission, men would not be deterred from pressing ahead to explore the universe. Whether excited, indifferent or embittered, few could doubt that in this week in July, A.D. 1969, the planet earth and all its people moved toward new beginnings, in the heavens and quite possibly on earth.

SCOOPY, SNOOPY OR SOUR GRAPES?

SPEEDING toward their dramatic rendezvous with the moon last week, the Apollo 11 astronauts were aware that they would have company in the lunar neighborhood. With the aid of periodic news reports from Houston, they were able to keep track of the progress of Luna 15, the unmanned Soviet moon probe launched from the Baikonur cosmodrome three days before their blast-off from Cape Kennedy. The Russians cloaked Luna's mission in characteristic secrecy. Some scientists speculated that it was a "scoopy" shot designed to dig up some lunar soil and return it to earth before a manned Apollo mission

nard Lovell. "Listening to Apollo with one ear and Luna with the other," as Lovell put it, he tracked the loudly signaling Soviet ship with the 250-ft. Jodrell Bank radio telescope. Soon after launch, he determined that the spacecraft was traveling more slowly than previous Russian moon shots, was on a different trajectory and was transmitting "heaps" of information with a new kind of signal that he could not interpret. The slower velocity indicated to Lovell that the Russians were trying to economize on fuel, perhaps saving it for a landing and subsequent blast-off from the lunar surface. This, he suggested, "supports



SOVIET VOSTOK ROCKET ON DISPLAY IN PARIS

The controlling element is still competition, not cooperation.

could accomplish the feat. Others thought it might be a "snoopy" shot aimed merely at orbiting the moon and returning with photographs and telemetered data. Many Westerners suggested that it was, above all, a sour-grapes shot.

For months before Luna 15 was launched, rumors had circulated in Moscow that Soviet scientists would in one way or another try to steal some thunder from Apollo. Speculation intensified last month when Cosmonaut Aleksei Leonov told Japanese newsmen that he expected his country to exhibit rocks from the moon—gathered by an unmanned spacecraft—at the 1970 world's fair in Osaka. Three weeks ago, reports were heard in Moscow that two earlier versions of Luna 15 had exploded prematurely—one on the launch pad early in April, the other shortly after launch on June 12.

First details of the Russian shot came not from Moscow but from the irrepressible English astronomer Sir Ber-

the theory that Luna 15 may attempt to recover lunar rock."

After Luna 15 reached the vicinity of the moon, it went into an 83-by-179-mi. orbit. On that basis, Lovell predicted that the Russians would attempt "to land the whole spacecraft, or part of it, and collect some rock." Most Western scientists, however, doubted that such a feat could be brought off successfully on the first try. They know that the Soviets have not yet even tested a rocket large enough to launch a Luna with enough fuel to land on the moon and take off again. They also believe that Russian space techniques are still not sophisticated enough to detach a craft from the orbiting Luna, land it and launch it again to rendezvous with the mother ship for the return trip to earth.

Whatever the fate of the Soviet craft, its launching on the eve of Apollo 11's lift-off underscored the fact that the controlling element in Soviet-U.S. space relations is still competition, not cooper-

ation. Yet the question remains: With man now venturing to extraterrestrial bodies, how good are the chances for future joint efforts by the two superpowers? Said Lovell: "The time will come, within ten years, when considerable amounts of equipment will be left on the moon and lunar bases established, and international cooperation will become essential. Otherwise, a very serious situation might arise, both scientifically and politically."

Lovell's warning followed several recent suggestions, from Russians as well as Americans, for closer cooperation. Earlier in the week, NASA Administrator Thomas Paine had publicly voiced the hope "that the juxtaposition of two lunar missions in such a close time frame points out the desirability of close cooperation in space between the Soviet Union and the United States." During his recent tour of Russia, Apollo 8 Astronaut Frank Borman called for wider exchanges of scientific information and the joint tracking of satellites. He advocated a halt to "unnecessary duplication" in planetary exploration and suggested that when orbiting laboratories are lofted into space, they be manned with scientists from a number of different countries. A Soviet space scientist, Anatoly Blagonravov, has publicly conceded that there is duplication in U.S. and Russian space shots. "In the future," he predicts, "there is no doubt that space exploration will become a general task for all humanity and not only for individual countries."

Diplomatic Protocol

Actually, there has been some improvement in U.S.-Soviet space relations. The two countries regularly exchange weather-satellite data. They have signed a treaty for the safe return of any of their spacemen who inadvertently come down within the other nation's boundaries. But the competition remains intense. Moscow continues to maintain almost complete secrecy, never announcing launch dates or mission goals in advance, releasing precious little information during or after a mission, and never allowing an American to witness a launch.

For a brief time this month, as the Russians atypically heaped good wishes and praise on the forthcoming Apollo 11 flight, it appeared that a turning point had been reached in U.S.-Soviet space relations. Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin even accepted a NASA invitation to witness the Apollo 11 launch at Cape Kennedy—the first Russian official to do so. Under normal diplomatic protocol, his attendance might have obligated the Russians to invite an American to a launch in the Soviet Union. But early last week, the Russian embassy in Washington revealed that Dobrynin would be out of the country at the time of the Apollo shot. It was still another indication that the Soviets will, for the time being, continue on their lonely and secretive path through space.

NEXT, MARS AND BEYOND

EVEN as man prepared to take his first tentative extraterrestrial steps, other celestial adventures beckoned him. The shape and scope of the post-Apollo manned space program remained hazy, and a great deal depends on the safe and successful outcome of Apollo 11. But well before the moon flight was launched, NASA was casting eyes on targets far beyond the moon. The most inviting: the earth's close, and probably most hospitable, planetary neighbor. Given the same energy and dedication that took them to the moon, says Werner von Braun, Americans could land on Mars as early as 1982.

Mustering the necessary zeal—not to mention the political and budgetary support—may be more difficult than mastering the technology. NASA has no plans yet for any manned expeditions beyond the moon, largely because of its in-

creasingly complex unmanned probes. Two unmanned Mariner spacecraft will soon pass within 2,000 miles of Mars and radio back enough close-up photographs to map about 20% of the Martian surface. In 1973, other Martian orbiters will eject two instrument-packed capsules for soft landings on Mars.

Mars, however, is only one of NASA's planetary targets—and a relatively close one at that. In 1972, the space agency will send two Pioneer spacecraft on a flyby of Jupiter, largest planet in the solar system. A year later, another Mariner will try the first multiple-planet probe. After a sweep of Venus, it will use the Venusian gravity to boost itself on toward Mercury, the sun's closest and smallest satellite. In the late 1970s, the so-called "outer planets" will be so favorably aligned that a spacecraft passing Jupiter could use its gravity to push on toward Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—a "grand tour" that would cover billions of miles and take as long as ten years.

Mapping the Red Planet

The prospects for man's first leap into the solar system will surely be enhanced by the success of such unmanned missions. Not only will they prove the feasibility of interplanetary travel, but they will help arouse the public support necessary for such journeys. To be sure, Americans will continue to agonize over the cost of the program—which NASA says will come to no more than .5% to 1% of the gross national product (currently running at \$900 billion) a year. And the question of priorities will remain relevant as long as such earthly imperfections as poverty and pollution persist. Still, as Science-Fiction Writer Isaac Asimov says, "Man has always had the other side of the hill to worry about"—and he always will. This week the other side of the hill is the moon. Before this century ends, it will almost certainly be Mars—and beyond.



"UNBOUND"

ability to wrest more funds from a Congress whose members are already divided over the \$24 billion tab for Apollo. Last week, as head of a task force on future U.S. space objectives, Vice President Spiro Agnew said the nation should aim for a manned Martian landing by the end of the century. But Agnew conceded that the other members of the panel might be more cautious about a manned Martian expedition.

With sufficient funds, NASA intends to launch nine more Apollo flights to the moon in the next three years. Lofted by the same powerful Saturn 5 boosters that have been Apollo's workhorses, U.S. astronauts will range over increasingly rugged areas. The scheduled Apollo 12 flight in November will take them to the Ocean of Storms. On subsequent missions, they will touch down near the Crater Consensus, the Sea of Serenity, the Crater Tycho and finally such forbidding abysses as the craters Aristarchus and Copernicus.

As the lunar expeditions become more ambitious, so will their hardware. NASA

ON COURAGE IN THE LUNAR AGE

COURAGE leads starward, fear toward death," wrote Seneca. Man needs courage simply to live in spite of knowing that he must die. He needs it to live richly—to take risks and thereby define himself. There are many kinds of courage, moral and physical, but all involve a struggle against heavy odds. In that sense, the astronauts' courage is new and not easily classified.

Obviously it takes brave men to climb into that capsule and undergo the immense risks that lie between the earth and the moon and the earth again. Yet, to thoughtful skeptics, the superorganized voyage of Apollo 11 suggests that lone, individual courage belongs to the past. The astronauts often seem to be interchangeable parts of a vast mechanism. They are buffered by a thousand protective devices, encased in layers of metal and wires and transistors, their very heartbeats monitored for deviation. Most of their decisions are made by computers. Hundreds of ships, planes, doctors and technicians stand by to rescue them from error. All this is strikingly different from the lonely struggles of the ancient mariners and American pioneers, the early Polar explorers like Scott and Peary, the early aviators like the Wright brothers and Lindbergh. To many of today's young, who view courage in moral terms as a battle against impersonal organization, the astronauts do not seem particularly heroic precisely because they epitomize the organization man.

Fear Is Worse than Death

Courage, like morality, is redefined by each generation. "The monsters of this sea are everywhere," reported a Phoenician explorer several centuries before Christ, "and keep swimming around the slow-moving ships." The monsters were whales, the sea the Bay of Biscay. In succeeding generations men would skim over that water as if it were a pool, and the heroism of the early sailors on their scary voyage would resemble that of fearful children in the dark. What the explorer does by courage, the settler does by habit. What the father does by taking a deep breath, the son will do with a yawn. If Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin succeed in leaving their footsteps on the moon, the steps may soon become a path—and the path a highway.

Still, there is more to valor than merely being first. For the Stoics, courage was every man's key to the province of the divine. From the Jewish defenders of Masada to the early Christian martyrs to the passive resisters Gandhi and Martin Luther King, the going was the goal—to be afraid was worse than death itself.

For lesser men, courage has often been a means to lesser ends. "Who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?" asked Poet Samuel Daniel in England's

expansive 16th century. "Danger hath honor; great designs their fame. Glory doth follow, courage goes before." Daniel's poem was the mercantile ethic frozen in meter. In that spirit, the conquistadors braved terra incognita to bleed Montezuma of his gold; the slave traders kidnapped tribesmen from Africa. In that spirit empires were created—and the conflicts of colonialism that still haunt the world. The motives for these enterprises were not necessarily ignoble. Few men take risks for gain alone if glory does not follow, and most see in their glory a benefit to all mankind.

Whether used for good or ill, courage has never been in large supply in any society. Today's troubled feeling that it used to be far more common stems from the relatively recent West-



EXPLORER PEARY (1909)

ern belief that individualism equals virtue. The notion is contrary to the older (and Eastern) conviction that virtue lies in seeking balance with the community on earth and with the universe beyond. Especially in America, where individual courage once tamed the wilderness, pessimists now see an antlike mass society. There is no West to be wild in; the only terra incognita is under water. The plains are paved, farms are corporations, and, with too many of the young, dreams of adventure have been replaced by the haze of pot. Even in war, the brave man is not often truly alone with death. The team supports him, the group succors him. In the Philippine night, during World War II, Admiral Mitscher ordered an entire fleet to turn on its lights. The lives of 100,000 men were risked to let some 200 pilots see their way home. In Viet Nam, 50 planes suspended their air war for eight hours to try to rescue Major Jim Kasler, a popular ace who had gone down over North Viet Nam.

Yet a national character is like a ge-

netic one; it may die in the grandfather only to reappear in the face of a child. Seemingly, whenever America has been in crisis, courage has been reasserted. The quality has both old and new dimensions in the technological age. Man's restless probes into the unknown have not exhausted his chances of danger and courage; they have merely spurred him to probe further. The more he knows, the bigger his frontier, from the atom to space. In a day of committee decisions and anonymous heroes, he has changed his style—but not much else.

Despite the moon shot's vast supportive forces, the astronauts themselves are essentially loners. Before they take off, they have no guarantees of success, let alone survival. Airborne, they can be aided only so far. After that, like the very earliest adventurers, they are on their own. Out in space, the future confronts the past. If they are stranded, no Navy will light their way home, no friendly tribes will take them in.

Grace Under Pressure

Sometimes it seems as if the astronauts have been chosen by some secret P.R. quotient to project a wholesome, understated image. Bravery yes, but no heroics; little eccentricities yes, but no flamboyance. Their press conferences are small Seas of Tranquility. But, as with all other professional risk takers, the very absence of excitement suggests the presence of courage. In most valorous men there must be a diminution of the imaginative faculty. "Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily," wrote La Rochefoucauld. The talk of "fuel margins" and EVAs is, in part, a way of giving the eyes a rest. Moreover, each astronaut has the kind of test-pilot fatalism that calms—and deadens—the nerves. They need it. In the past, there were more imagined terrors to be dispelled. Today, the known dangers of failure, mechanical and human, are more numerous and harder to dismiss. The astronauts knew that if, on landing, the lunar module tilted more than 35°, they would be marooned on the moon. Each could remember that, with the best life insurance science could provide, three colleagues burned to death in a spaceship.

It is unimportant to dwell on why the astronauts have taken their risk. Undoubtedly, glory has something to do with it. So does sheer ego, plus the simpler notions of patriotism and unwillingness to let the team down. What is important is that individual valor can be preserved in a collective age. Hemingway once defined courage as "grace under pressure." In their balloon-shaped, ungainly suits, the Apollo 11 astronauts have demonstrated that man, despite his murderous and chaotic past, can still achieve a state of grace.

THE NATION

THE WAR: DECISION TO LOWER THE PRESSURE

THE Nixon Administration has secretly decided to respond to the Communist lull in the fighting in Viet Nam. The Pentagon is drafting orders instructing the military command in Saigon to reduce and limit the current strategy of "maximum pressure." The decision came after months of subdued debate. Some top State Department officials seemed as reluctant to modify the allies' aggressive strategy as their counterparts in the Pentagon. The hard-liners at State agreed with their military colleagues that the lull has little if any political significance. If it had, they said, the Communists would have found ways and means to let the U.S. know.

Other State Department officials were more willing to take a chance. Their argument was that the strategy of maximum pressure puts the burden of cutting back the level of fighting entirely on the enemy. Sooner or later, U.S. pressure results in Communist counterpressure. The question is essentially whether or not the possibility of reducing the level of combat and taking another step toward total disengagement from the war is worth the military risk involved. Last week the Administration decided that it was.

Ignored Advice. General Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was dispatched to Saigon to discuss the new tactics with General Creighton Abrams, commander of U.S. forces in Viet Nam. Wheeler will also discuss the feasibility of withdrawing as many as 100,000 more U.S. troops from Viet Nam by the end of this year, if

the lull continues. The President was expected to meet with Abrams next week, either in Saigon or Bangkok, as part of his nine-day, 24,070-mile tour of seven countries.

The new orders do not deny the necessity of an active defense, but they would scale down the massive search-and-destroy missions that have dominated U.S. strategy. Said one Government official: "Where we used to have division-sized sweeps, we now want to see whether the job can't be done by 25-man patrols. Where we now send out 25-man patrols, we want to see whether a five-man patrol won't do. And we must keep in mind that we are no longer out for military victory." The new approach also calls for increased Vietnamization of the war. U.S. troops would spend less time in combat and far more time training ARVN. Obviously, both proposals are designed to cut U.S. casualties.

The new Nixon concept of conducting the war—withdrawing troops gradually, dropping the level of combat and sending fewer G.I.s out on missions—seems a limited step in the direction of the "enclave theory" that was advanced in 1965 by retired Lieut. General James Gavin. Under Gavin's plan, American troops would withdraw to garrisons in Saigon, Cam Ranh Bay and Danang, and concentrate on upgrading the South Vietnamese army. However, the new orders do not entail an actual movement of U.S. forces to fixed enclaves, as Gavin proposed.

The military did not accept the Gav-

in concept then, and they are not enthusiastic now about the prospects of de-escalation. They argue that maximum pressure is nothing more than an "active defense." Unfortunately, the line between attack and defense is not always clear. The military, for example, regarded the bloody assault on Hamburger Hill last May as essentially a defensive action, though it cost the U.S. 84 killed and 480 wounded.

Understandable Reluctance. Overall, few experts would question that Abe Abrams' aggressive tactics in Viet Nam have been markedly more successful than those of his predecessor, General William Westmoreland. Last fall Abrams replaced Westmoreland's ponderous battalion and brigade assaults with squad-sized thrusts. His Operation Sting Ray called for hundreds—sometimes thousands—of small patrols daily. The enemy's infiltration trails through the jungles, mountains and paddies were denied him. American troops began operating after dark, and for the first time in the war the night no longer belonged to the Viet Cong. Last year more than 8,000 tons of Viet Cong ammunition and food were captured. In the first five months of this year, 5,000 more tons have been discovered. The Communists have been unable to launch major, concentrated attacks in the past ten months. With that record, the allied command in Saigon is understandably reluctant to shift tactics.

Military officials also insist that the lull is one of those recurrent pauses in which the enemy disengages his troops in order to regroup and resupply. Intelligence reports estimate that the North is still infiltrating 10,000 men per month into South Viet Nam. The Reds continue to cache food and arms in preparation for future offensives.

Plainly, the Administration's decision to reduce the level of combat is a gamble. Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky last week proposed a South Vietnamese pullout from the Paris peace talks and accused the U.S. of lagging in its efforts to train and equip ARVN troops. A great deal will, of course, depend on the ARVN's willingness and ability to assume a greater share of the fighting. Despite the dangers, the risk seems worthwhile. Last fall, when the Communists pulled three divisions back across the DMZ, Averell Harriman for one was convinced that it was an earnest sign of Hanoi's eagerness to limit the fighting and that the U.S. should make a reciprocal move. The Johnson Administration, committed to a military victory, failed to probe the possibilities. This time, the Communists deny that there is a lull, but the stillness on the battlefield may yet prove more eloquent than their words.



U.S. SOLDIERS BLACKEN FACES FOR LONG-RANGE PATROL
A considerable gamble but worth the risk.



"IMMOVABLE OBJECT, I PRESUME?"

"IRRESISTIBLE FORCE, I BELIEVE?"

THE SENATE

Surtax Under Siege

In theory, the surtax is a fiscal mechanism, a key weapon in the fight against inflation. In practice—as two Presidents have discovered to their chagrin—Congress has found it a handy lever for forcing its fiscal views on the Chief Executive. Last year a House coalition compelled Lyndon Johnson to accept stringent budget cuts before they would pass the tax. This year liberals in the Senate are demanding as their price for extending the surcharge a major overhaul of the entire tax structure.

So strong is the sentiment for tax revision that the House would not consider the extension bill until President Nixon promised to send up a reform program later this year. Even with Nixon's pledge, the margin was an almost invisible five votes. The Democratic leadership in the Senate was less trusting. Reform, the leaders reasoned, means one thing to them, another to a President who during the campaign favored retention of the oil-depletion allowance—one of the chief targets of the reformers. Their other goals include a minimum income tax to eliminate the anomaly of some millionaires' paying no tax at all and an end to the no-tax loophole for holders of state and municipal bonds.

Playing the Snake. Liberal Democrats argued that unless they tied the surtax, which Nixon wants badly, to reform, which he does not want quite so badly, reform would remain what it has been for years: something to be done tomorrow. Though the Administration did, in fact, attach a few reforms of its own to the surtax bill as a sweetener, it did not go nearly far enough to satisfy the liberals. While Nixon pledged himself to submit a more comprehensive tax-reform package to Congress this year, he has been less than specific about its contents—perhaps partly because tax revision is so enormously complicated.

Until last week the plot was thus about as involved as *Dick and Jane*. Enter Russell Long, chairman of the

Finance Committee and junior Senator from Louisiana, some of whose campaign contributors look upon a cut in the oil-depletion allowance as something akin to matricide. With scarcely a sideways glance at the Democratic leadership, which wanted delay, Long bolted party ties and brought the surtax, minus reform, to a committee vote. With two Democrats defecting, it was approved 9 to 8. Some saw a trace of hubris in Long's defiance of his party's leadership. Since his rejection as assistant majority leader last January in favor of Edward Kennedy, skeptics maintained, he has been waiting for an opportunity to wreak his revenge on both Kennedy and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who supported Kennedy. "Long," muttered one of the reformers, "has started playing the snake."

Opportunity Moment. Approved by the House and an important Senate committee, the surtax bill by any traditional standard would appear to be progressing smoothly. In this case, however, appearances are no guide at all. Mansfield does not have to bring the bill to the Senate floor for a vote. And from everything he said last week, he will not do so unless Long's committee couples it with reform.

Mansfield's hope is that the House Ways and Means Committee, which is working on its own plan to revise the tax structure, will get its version of reform passed by the House and the Senate before Congress goes on vacation Aug. 13. Administration economists contend that if the bill is delayed until fall, the battle against inflation may be lost altogether. While the tax will continue to be withheld from paychecks until a decision is made, the wait for final approval, say Treasury experts, undercuts their efforts to slow inflation and brake the economy. On the other hand, the liberals argue, the American public is overwhelmingly in favor of a more equitable tax structure, and they may never again have so great an opportunity to coerce needed reforms from the Administration.

POPULATION

Planning for 2000

The poor may not be getting poorer, but they are constantly growing more numerous. Poor families in the U.S. have an average of 4.5 children compared with three for those above the poverty line. Last week President Nixon sent a message to Congress calling for a major increase in federal family planning services in the next five years. The goal: to make birth control information and devices available to all American women of childbearing age.

The greatest impact would be among the estimated 5,000,000 low-income women in this category. Nixon's proposal would raise federal spending on birth control—now \$64 million annually—by \$150 million after five years. The President also urged a federal study of U.S. population growth, its expected effects and the nation's capacity to handle it, and urged the United Nations to take the lead in controlling world population growth. Presidential Assistant Daniel P. Moynihan said the problem was the world's most serious save for disarmament.

Though Nixon pledged that the program would not be forced on individuals against their beliefs, an official of the New York Catholic archdiocese charged that it would add "an implicit pressure" on welfare mothers to accept. A Florida N.A.A.C.P. leader also criticized the program on the grounds that blacks "need to produce more babies, not less," for added political power. The plan, however, drew praise from many family planning and demographic experts and from the Episcopal bishop of California, C. Kilmer Myers. Indeed, unless the birth rate is cut, U.S. population (now more than 200 million) will exceed 300 million by the year 2000.



PRESIDENTIAL AIDE MOYNIHAN
As serious as disarmament?

THE KENNEDYS

Wrong Turn at the Bridge

Driving down a deserted beach road at midnight on the island resort of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., Senator Edward Kennedy lost control of his car. The black 1967 Oldsmobile 88 careened off a 10-ft.-wide wooden bridge leading to the dunes, and overturned in a salt pond. Somehow, Ted Kennedy escaped. His passenger, Mary Jo Kopechne, 28, a pretty, witty blonde who had worked as a secretary for Robert Kennedy, was not so fortunate. Trapped in the car, she drowned.

After the accident, Kennedy returned to look for his friends, who were dining nearby. He climbed into the back of a car and asked to be driven to the Shiretown Inn in Edgartown, where he was staying. There, he said later, he walked around "for a period of time"

stead of bearing hard left on Main Street. After proceeding for a half mile on Dike Road, I descended a hill and came upon a narrow bridge. The car went off the side of the bridge." Although he had no recollection of how he got out of the car, he did remember trying to rescue Miss Kopechne. Kennedy, who wears a back brace and is still in pain as a result of injuries suffered in a 1964 plane crash, recalled: "I came to the surface and then repeatedly dove into the car in an attempt to see if the passenger was still in the car. I was unsuccessful in the attempt." As for his failure to report the accident, he maintained that he "was exhausted and in a state of shock." Kennedy's explanation was supported by his family physician, Dr. Robert D. Watt. Examining the Senator at his home following his return, Watt found that Kennedy had a "slight concussion at the

take part in the Edgartown Yacht Club races. Less easily explained is why Kennedy, no stranger to the area, tried to ram a big car across a tilted bridge that is risky by day and perilous at night. The wide macadam road that leads to the Chappaquiddick ferry slip makes a turn to the left; the narrow dirt track that leads to the bridge swings sharply to the right. The bridge itself is used mainly by surf fishermen and leads only to the water.

More explainable was Miss Kopechne's presence on the island. On a weekend reunion with girls she had met while a member of the R.F.K. staff, she had come to the island to watch the Edgartown Regatta and to see Teddy race. Staying at the Katama Shores Inn in Edgartown, she was apparently accepting a lift home when the accident occurred. Mary Jo joined Robert Kennedy's staff in 1965 and later worked in the "boiler room," a cubicle set aside for staffers keeping track of delegate counts prior to the 1968 Democratic National Convention. R.F.K. Aide Wendell Pigman described her as "a real Kennedy believer." At a party for R.F.K., Mary Jo and fellow staffers presented the Senator with an illuminated globe. "Just what I wanted," said Robert Kennedy. "Yes," chimed in Miss Kopechne. "The world."

According to Teddy's statement, he left the Dike Bridge in shock and on foot, wet and minus his passenger. Why Teddy told no one about the accident and did not seek help for the girl, why no one called a doctor or even asked Kennedy what had happened—and indeed how he got back to his hotel—are questions that must now puzzle not only the police, but also Ted Kennedy and his nationwide constituency.



EDWARD KENNEDY



MARY JO KOPECHNE

Many questions, few answers.

and finally returned to his room. He did not report the accident to friends or the authorities.

The submerged car was spotted eight hours later by two boys who were looking for a place to fish. The mother of one of the boys called Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena. After trying unsuccessfully to break into the car, Arena summoned the fire department's scuba-diver team, which managed to extricate Miss Kopechne's body. Meanwhile, Arena traced the car's license plates to Kennedy. At approximately 8:30 a.m., the Senator showed up at police headquarters accompanied by counsel, former U.S. Attorney for Massachusetts Paul Markham, and Ted's cousin Joseph Gargan.

Official Silence. How had it happened? In the stilted language peculiar to police-station depositions, Kennedy attested: "I was driving my car on Main Street on my way to get the ferry back to Edgartown. I was unfamiliar with the road and turned onto Dike Road in-

back of his head," gave him a sedative to relieve the pain.

Three-Way Puzzle. Neither Kennedy nor his staff would say anything else about the accident. The police said little more. Although Chief Arena said that "the accident was accidental," he announced that he would seek a complaint charging Kennedy with leaving the scene of an accident. Under Massachusetts law, a manslaughter charge is mandatory when someone leaves the scene of an accident in which there has been a fatality and negligence is proved. This means that the case will be turned over to District Attorney Edmund Dimis, an ambitious and independent Democrat. Both the charge and Kennedy's own statement raised more questions than they answered.

One of the few explicable aspects of the mystery was the reason for Kennedy's presence on the Vineyard. Vacationing with his family on Squaw Island, near Hyannisport, he had come over with R.F.K.'s oldest son Joseph to

INVESTIGATIONS

Edible Violence

For a quiet man, Ralph Nader has made a great many enemies. Since 1964, when he first accused the automobile industry of making unsafe cars, the one-man consumer lobby has taken on mine owners, television manufacturers, union leaders and bank holding companies. Last week, Nader was on the attack again. His target: the U.S. food industry.

His Master's Choice. Testifying before Senator George McGovern's Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, the all-purpose crusader accused the food industry of doctoring its products for taste, color and texture at the expense of purity and quality. Claiming that the industry adds unnecessary and possibly dangerous ingredients to foods, he charged it with endangering the health of the American public. Said Nader: "The silent violence of harmful food products ranges from minor discomforts to erosion of bodily processes, shortening of life or sudden death."

In fact, reported Nader, U.S. pets may actually eat better than their owners. While much food for human con-

sumption bears no nutritional information on package labels, dog-food makers stress the nutritional value of their products. As a result, Nader said, some low-income families take to eating dog food.

Like Muckraker Upton Sinclair, whose exposure of conditions in Chicago slaughterhouses led to enactment of the nation's first strong meat-inspection law, Nader is particularly critical of the meat-packing industry. He directed one of his strongest attacks at hamburgers and hot dogs, labeling them "shamburgers" and "farturters." The targets, singled out by President Nixon, were well chosen. The fat content of the ubiquitous wiener has risen from 18.6% to 31.2% in 30 years, while its protein content has dropped from 19.6% to 11.8%. Noting the possible relationship between high fat intake and heart disease, Nader branded the 15 billion hot dogs consumed annually in the country among "America's deadliest missiles."

Regulation Hit. No less dangerous, according to Nader, is baby food. He told the committee that the salt and monosodium glutamate added to baby foods serves no nutritional purpose and may actually cause harm. A team of physicians backed him up. They testified that the salt could cause hypertension. They reported that flavor-enhancing MSG, which is added to baby foods to please test-tasting parents, produces the headaches and chest pains of "Chinese-restaurant syndrome" in adults and causes brain and eye damage in test animals. The doctors urged that MSG be removed from the Food and Drug Administration's list of "safe drugs."

While scoring food producers—who will present their case to the committee this week—Nader was no less gentle with regulatory agencies. Acknowledging the FDA's manpower and budgetary problems, he criticized its failure to conduct its own research or release results. Charging that the Agriculture Department is more industry- than consumer-oriented, he said that its inspection practices were characterized by "widespread complicity, incompetence and demoralization among the inspector corps."

To cure the country's nutritional ailments, Nader prescribed a heightened sense of responsibility for the food industry and stepped-up Government inspection. The latter is likelier than the former, Congress has already responded to Nader's campaign against unsound automobiles by legislating strict safety requirements for new cars. It reacted to his testimony on the quality of meat products by passing the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967, and to his disclosures on poultry with the Wholesome Poultry Products Act of 1968. His past crusades on the whole have been well documented, though often sensationalized and over-dramatized. Unless his latest charges prove to be exaggerated, Congress will probably again be responsive to his warnings. All Americans may not drive cars, but all of them do eat.

PRESSURE GROUPS

Doctors' Dilemma

The country may well suffer from what President Nixon calls "a massive crisis" in public health. If so, the national malady does not seem to be of undue concern to the American Medical Association. At the A.M.A.'s semi-annual convention last week in Manhattan's Coliseum, the members came equipped with the usual bag of proposals to block "socialized medicine." It was not to be business as usual, however. Just after the predominantly white, middle-aged doctors had joined in a 30-minute tribute to the flag, a strident group of young medical students, doctors and nurses burst into the hall, chanting "Hip, hip Hippocrates, up with service, down with fees!"

The demonstration reflected a good deal of the criticism voiced—from within and without—the medical profession—against the A.M.A.'s ultra-conservative influence on national policies. Moderate and liberal critics question its propriety in helping to scuttle the appointment of Dr. John Knowles to the nation's top health post (TIME, July 4). Still remembered are the association's relentless fights of yesterday against Medicare and Medicaid. Opponents also recall its past opposition to group practice and its efforts to limit medical-school enrollment. Thus the A.M.A. has made itself a visible villain, and is blamed, somewhat unfairly, for the soaring cost of medical care, which is rising at a rate more than double that of the cost of living.

Even within the A.M.A., younger practitioners regard as archaic the association's attitude toward public health. Membership (currently 217,000) has declined in proportion to the total number of doctors, although the 100,000 nonmember physicians thereby forgo low-cost insurance plans and valuable research material. Many resent A.M.A.'s geriatric leadership: the average age in the ruling House of Delegates is 62. That body in turn controls the activities of AMPAC (American Medical Political Action Committee). Last year AMPAC doled out an estimated \$2.6 million in political contributions to candidates who mirrored its conservative views.

In Washington, the A.M.A. supports a team of lobbyists charged with keeping medicine in private hands. Certainly, doctors, like all special-interest groups, have a right to be represented in the capital. However, the A.M.A.'s largely negative goals, often achieved by using high-pressure tactics, have left the association open to censure.

On file at the A.M.A. office in Washington are cards on each member of Con-

gress, including the name of his personal physician—who is often asked to pay a political call on his Capitol Hill patient. When important legislation is under study (there are about 1,600 health bills before this session of Congress), the A.M.A. can signal its 3,000 county medical societies to start a letter-writing campaign. A favorite tactic is to get leading county doctors to march into a Congressman's office to argue for or against a bill. The association's most powerful ally on Capitol Hill is Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, who received \$150,000 in AMPAC campaign contributions last year and whose Illinois constituency includes the A.M.A.'s Chicago headquarters.

A.M.A. lobbyists often team with other pressure groups, especially the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association,



DEMONSTRATORS DISRUPTING A.M.A. CONVENTION
Criticism voiced from without and within.

whose member drug firms help support AMPAC and spend huge sums on advertising in the *Journal*. By law, the A.M.A.'s political funding committee must be separate from its lobbying operation; in practice, however, the division is strictly a bookkeeping procedure. It is virtually impossible, moreover, to ascertain which candidate receives exactly how much from AMPAC. Following the letter of the law, the A.M.A. reports simply that it has sent a flat amount to a state chapter. Individual members are told not to contribute more than \$99 to the A.M.A. national fund, thereby excluding themselves from the federal law which requires that contributors giving \$100 or more must be named. In any event, state-level gifts are hard to trace: only 43 states have reporting laws; these are honored mostly in the breach.

As the convention adjourned, incoming President Dr. Gerald Dorman, 65,

said: "The medical profession can no longer tolerate a medical society that concentrates on the private interests of itself and its members to the neglect of the problems of health care for all citizens." The A.M.A. will continue to fight to keep the Government out of medicine. Members proposed a medical plan to be administered by business and the A.M.A.

Perhaps the most effective move might be some system of self-policing that would keep medical fees reasonably adjusted to other price and wage levels. No such proposal was brought up at the convention. Nonetheless, there was an unprecedented tone of moderation among the delegates, who wound up by endorsing the concept that medical care "is a basic right of every citizen." In the past, such care had been called "a privilege."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Nixon's Heavyweight

"I've found the man," Richard Nixon told his personal staff in 1967. "I've found the heavyweight!" The President was not, of course, speaking of sport but of politics, and his eye was not on the scales. Two years later, John Mitchell, the Attorney General, is still the heavyweight in Nixon's hierarchy, although to many outsiders he seems more like the heavy. Dour, taciturn, formidably efficient, Mitchell comes across to liberals and civil libertarians as a hard-line prosecutor with all the human graces of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

The tough image is not without foundation. To fight crime in the District of Columbia, Mitchell has advocated preventive detention for some suspects, a formula of uncertain constitutionality that would allow judges to withhold bail from men with criminal records. In the battle against organized crime and subversion, he has contended that the Justice Department should have far greater control than it now has to conduct wiretaps and plant electronic bugs (see THE LAW). To combat the narcotics traffic, he urged adoption last week of a national "no-knock" law that would empower federal agents to break into a suspect's house, unannounced and unidentified, so that the occupants would not have time to destroy evidence.

Rejection on the Hill. In the area of civil rights, a prime concern for any Attorney General, Mitchell, Nixon's campaign director and chief architect of his celebrated Southern strategy, has created the impression that he is trying to placate the white South. He is credited with the recent decision to ease school-desegregation guidelines. He was responsible for drafting the Administration's voting rights bill, which would have done away with the current law in favor of a much weaker measure—and was unceremoniously rejected by the House Judiciary Committee last week. On Capitol Hill, Mitchell has earned a reputation for being brusque and undiplomatic.

Questioned by TIME, some of the most distinguished law professors were almost entirely negative in their comments on the new Attorney General. "It seems," said Berkeley's Sanford Kadish, "as if the department sees the values of the Bill of Rights as no more than obstacles to be overcome. There seems to be a single-minded effort to cut the crime rate, with little sense of the constraints of the Constitution." Some of Mitchell's critics also complain that his background as a Wall Street expert on municipal bonds—about as far removed from criminal practice or civil rights as a lawyer can get—was not the

WALTER EMMETT



MITCHELL AT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT
Some foundation for the image.

best preparation for the Government's chief legal office.

The judgments, however, may be unfair and overly hasty. Mitchell's forbidding men may mislead his critics. While, overall, he seems to have blunted the Government's desire to end segregation—a charge that he vigorously denies—his department has nevertheless brought several important court suits that could hasten integration. Though he publicly approves of wiretapping this predecessor, Ramsey Clark, was firmly opposed), he claims nonetheless that there are fewer Government wiretaps in operation now than when he took office. "That's typical of him," says an aide. "Other Attorneys General have used taps in practice even while opposing them in principle. Mitchell favors them in principle, but cuts back on their use in practice."

"If you asked Ramsey Clark about wiretapping," says another Mitchell aide, "you'd get an erudite lecture on the concept of personal privacy going


back to the Greeks. If you ask Mitchell about wiretapping, he'll more likely say: 'I like it because it's useful in getting a job done.' A lot of people tend to begin with a concept and apply it to a given situation. Mitchell, however, is more inclined to start with a particular situation and work back toward the concept."

After an hour-long meeting with Mitchell last week, four representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union still found that they basically disagreed with Mitchell's views. Yet, to their surprise, they were impressed and encouraged by his willingness to listen and his seeming understanding of the problems of civil liberties. "Pragmatic," the favorite adjective of the Nixon Administration, is the word Mitchell's friends use to describe him.

Trusted Counsel. If Mitchell's position on major issues is still uncertain, his place in the White House hierarchy is not. He is probably the strongest man in the Administration, with great influence on many domestic matters. Very little important goes on in the Administration without Mitchell's getting involved in it. "He is," Nixon told a news conference recently, "my closest adviser on all legal matters and on many others as well." Mitchell had a paramount role in the choice of Warren Burger for Chief Justice, and even now he is helping Nixon find a replacement for former Justice Abe Fortas. Nixon's associates appreciate his icy imperturbability and his efficient mental processes. "When Mitchell speaks in a meeting," says one, "his words carry weight. There aren't many people whose judgment the President will accept without checking into it himself. But he'll take John Mitchell's word at face value."

The Attorney General has another quality that Nixon appreciates—loyalty. Since he was sworn in in January, Mitchell has devoted himself totally to the job and to the President. Leaving his apartment in the Watergate complex before 8 a.m., he strolls into the office before 8:15. Lunch is usually eaten at his desk, and he seldom leaves for home before 7:30 p.m.—and then almost always with two accordion-sized briefcases bulging with work. His only passion is golf, but even that has been almost forgotten for the past year.

His stand on many difficult questions will not really be known until he actually puts his ideas into practice. He gives the appearance of sincerity when he insists, despite considerable adverse evidence, that he will not weaken the federal pressure for racial integration. "Watch what we do instead of listening to what we say," he cryptically told a group of 30 Southern blacks who were protesting the Administration's new school-desegregation guidelines. Though Mitchell's image as the Administration's heavy may prove hard to live down, he may be somewhat miscast in the part. Some of his colleagues even claim that he can crack a joke and a smile—from time to time.



One smile.
Uniquely his own.
No one else has his smile.
Or his destiny.
It is his to shape.
For he is an individual.
We grew as large as we are
by recognizing this fact.



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GREAT RUM DRINKS

—four simple recipes

1. **Rum & Tea:** 1½ oz. white or silver (or gold or amber) Puerto Rican rum in a glass of iced tea. Try it with 100% India tea—tea from India.

2. **Rum & Orange:** 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 3 oz. orange juice. Serve over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass. Float a few drops of Angostura bitters on top.

3. **Daiquiri:** ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. **Rum-on-the-rocks:** 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



THE WORLD

PREVIEW OF NIXON'S TOUR

LIKE his tailors and his barber, President Nixon's travel guides are robustly American. In the best tradition of U.S. tourism, Nixon this week will depart on a round-the-world journey that will take him to seven countries in nine days. Everything from his airport speeches to his after-dinner toasts has been meticulously typed out in advance, of course, but the pace will be hectic. As one member of the President's entourage summed it up: "If it's Thursday, this must be India."

Nixon has scheduled five of his seven stops in Asian capitals. In addition, he may make a secret side trip to the na-

Ferdinand Marcos will probably win reelection to a second term. Bowing to growing nationalistic feelings, Marcos already has begun to shift the Philippines toward a policy of assertive neutrality. The Philippines resent the fact that their base treaties with the U.S. are less generous than those just concluded with Spain, and would like to renegotiate them. In any event, Marcos wants the U.S. to hand over Sangley Point Naval Air Station to Philippine control and to return unused portions of the big Clark Air Force Base. Marcos may tell Nixon that he, too, is under pressure to bring home his troops from

for a U.N. peace-keeping force in Viet Nam. Since Indonesia is not allied militarily to any country, Suharto thinks that the offer would be acceptable to the North, which he recognizes diplomatically, and to the South, which he does not.

► **Thailand** will probably be the only country along the entire route where Nixon will hear pleas to go slow in disengaging from Viet Nam. Along with the South Vietnamese, the Thais have committed themselves most deeply of all Asians to the allied cause, openly lending their territory for use against the North. Some 50,000 U.S. troops are presently stationed in Thailand, and the majority of air strikes against North Viet Nam were launched from Thai



PHILIPPINES' MARCOS



INDONESIA'S SUHARTO



THAILAND'S PRAPACHON



PAKISTAN'S YAHYA KHAN

To sound out the moods and offer some reassurances.

tion that, in any case, will be at the center of his discussions: Viet Nam. The start of U.S. disengagement from Viet Nam has opened up a period of uncertainty and transition in Asian politics. Faced with a reduction of the U.S. presence, Asian leaders are taking a fresh look at their relationship with the U.S., with each other—and especially with Communist China. They are also reacting uncertainly to a suggestion by Russia's Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev that Asia should consider a collective-security arrangement of its own.

Nixon's primary objectives are to sound out the mood of his hosts on the future of their region, while at the same time reassuring them that the U.S. has no intention of abandoning Asia altogether. A preview of his trip:

► **The Philippines**, once the U.S.'s staunchest ally in Asia, is in the throes of an election year and an identity crisis. It is plagued by corruption and graft throughout the government, and is gripped by a spiraling crime rate. Despite criticism of his regime, President

Viet Nam; he may even discuss plans to withdraw at least part of the 2,000-man Philippine contingent. The Filipinos are still eager for U.S. aid and investment. But as Nixon will point out, the Philippine government is hurting its chances of attracting outside capital by continuing to tighten regulations on foreign-owned business.

► **Indonesia** will welcome a U.S. President for the first time in its history. Nixon will find that President Suharto's team of Western-trained experts has performed a near miracle of economic revival. Though Indonesia has still not recovered entirely from the disastrous spending spree indulged in by Sukarno, it has made impressive progress. Suharto, of course, realizes that his country is heavily dependent on U.S. and Japanese foreign aid and investment, and he will do little to endanger either of these. At the same time, Suharto will make it clear that he intends to steer a nonaligned course—which should not bother Nixon. Suharto will probably repeat his offer of Indonesian troops

bases; at present, the raids against Communist strongholds in Laos are flown from Thailand. Never colonized by European powers, the Thais are now acutely uncomfortable at the thought of facing the rest of Asia without the protection of U.S. muscle. The benevolent military regime of General Prapachon Chuanbuncha has begun to broaden its horizons by dealing with Soviet and East European trade missions. He will probably emphasize Thailand's willingness to continue present aid and defense arrangements with the U.S. as long as they do not compromise his strategy of creating more maneuvering room.

► **India** will take Nixon farther away from the Viet Nam problem, but not from the problem of war. Since Eisenhower's presidential visit there in 1959, India, the architect of nonalignment under Nehru, has had to defend its borders against Red Chinese attack. It has also fought a war with Pakistan, its old enemy. India bitterly resents U.S. arms shipments to Pakistan, which is also supplied by both Russia and Chi-

The View from Singapore

ON his swing through Asia next week, President Nixon will skip Singapore, domain of Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. The omission is dictated by an understandably tight schedule, but it will deprive the President of some pertinent impressions. Lee, a Cambridge-educated pragmatist, has to a large degree succeeded in creating the sort of independent and self-assured nation that Nixon hopes will develop throughout the Far East. In the past decade, he has turned the island nation of 2,000,000 into Asia's second most affluent country. Though Singapore's population contains the Malay-Chinese mix that has proved to be explosive in neighboring Malaysia, Lee's city-state enjoys racial peace and political stability. Apart from that, Lee possesses one of the sharpest minds in Asia and some firm ideas on the role of the U.S. there after Viet Nam. That is his main topic in the following interview with TIME Correspondent David Greenway.

In the long run, will South Viet Nam come under Communist control?

I would hope not. Politically, the South Vietnamese have got to create a government that commands the loyalty and support of the bulk of the population and galvanizes it into self-help. I hope that American troop withdrawals will be at such a rate as not to generate a sense of insecurity in the government of South Viet Nam. There must be sufficient time for the South Vietnamese to be trained to stand up and fight for themselves. If they can't, well, . . . that's that.

If South Viet Nam does go Communist, will the danger for the rest of Southeast Asia be insurgencies, or will it come more from failure to solve social and economic problems?

Those are really two aspects of the same problem. If your country is moving to a higher level of prosperity and the better life, then no one is going to listen to the rabble-rousers. But if you get more and more hungry and angry people, then Communists will find it easier to recruit people as guerrillas. If South Viet Nam is lost, the chances are that whoever forms the Communist government will want to be the successor of French Indo-China, which included Laos and Cambodia. Whether they will be able to go on and create a insurrection in Thailand is quite another matter. I feel that if the Thais do not let their will melt away at the thought of being on their own—with American aid in arms and resources, but not in men—then Thailand will manage to stay non-

Communist. If Thailand sticks, then Malaysia has a better chance, and so Singapore will stick.

What are your views on regional defense in Asia?

When Americans talk about defense arrangements in Southeast Asia, they usually mean defense against China. But is China going on a predatory expansionist policy? That is not their method. Their technique is through people's liberation wars. Vietnamese, not Chinese, have to die in Viet Nam. The whole world has got to live with China. It is up to the major powers—America, Russia, Japan and the countries of Western Europe—to come to some accommodation first. Then the countries of Southeast Asia can find accommodation with China within the framework of the United Nations, I hope.



LEE KUAN YEW

What do you feel the American role in Asia should be during the 1970s?

I would like to believe that you can discern your interests dispassionately so as not to have the pendulum swing away from Asia because of your rather tiresome experiences in Viet Nam. I accept the world as I find it. One thing I find is the disillusionment of the American people against the losses they have sustained. But what is not underlined so much is that you have prevented the Communists from taking over.

What is the state of the Asian Revolution, the nationalist, anti-colonial struggle that followed World War II?

The Asian Revolution has no doubt got bogged down. None of these countries in Southeast Asia has completely established a new identity. The question now is how to fulfill expectations of people whom you have mobilized on the basis that, once the white man was gone, they would occupy all the big houses and the big desks. That requires getting your economy going.

And Singapore's role?

If Southeast Asia develops constructively, we could be useful as a convenient source of expertise and a channel through which these countries can get foreign exchange. But if it goes the other way, chaotic and nihilist, then I hope that we shall have enough wisdom and skill to isolate the forces of destruction. As the Dark Ages descended on Europe, places like Venice maintained relatively civilized standards of life. I would hope that such light from Singapore would eventually help to brighten up the area again.

na, and is no nearer than ever to reaching a settlement with its neighbor on the disputed Kashmir territory. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi may be preoccupied with domestic political problems (see following story). But the presidential stopover will flatter the sensitive Indians and provide them with an opportunity to present their point of view. ► **Pakistan**, of course, will deliver its side of the same arguments that Nixon will hear in New Delhi. Nixon, however, probably will have more points of contention to discuss with President Yahya Khan than with Mrs. Gandhi. Pakistan has drawn increasingly close to China in recent years, while doing nothing to discourage overtures from Moscow. Since Pakistan is technically a military ally of the U.S. under the CENTO and SEATO treaties, Nixon has every right to inquire about this trend. Yahya Khan will explain that China has taken Pakistan's side in the fight with India; as for Russia, the Pakistani reasoning is that those close relations are simply a sign that Pakistan wants to be friendly with everyone. The President is not likely to involve himself in an attempt to solve the subcontinent's old festering problems; but at least he will hear the same good news from both nations. As a result of the "green revolution" of miracle rice strains developed with U.S. funds, both India and Pakistan are well on the way to solving chronic food problems.

Nixon will leave Asia bound for Rumania and the first visit of a U.S. President to a Communist capital in history. On his homeward flight, he will make a refueling stop at a U.S. Air Force base in Britain, pausing long enough to hold a meeting with Prime Minister Harold Wilson. But the trip is designed primarily to give the President a solid grounding in Asian current affairs. In the unlikely event that he does not bring back enough homework of his own, he will get quite a bit more information from Secretary of State William Rogers, who will leave Nixon in Jakarta and head off on a related survey mission to Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Australia and New Zealand.

INDIA

More Troubles for Indira

"An elephant trapped in quicksand" is the way Indira Gandhi sometimes describes her ruling Congress Party. During the past few years, the party's dismal performance makes that description seem particularly apt. Indian voters have turned against the once all-powerful Congress Party. In the 1967 state elections, for example, the party lost control of four key states—Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal and the Punjab. In last February's midterm elections in those states, Congress failed to regain its old supremacy. Last week the party developed new troubles: an open power struggle in the leadership.

The fight pits Prime Minister Indira



DESAI & MRS. GANDHI IN HAPPIER TIMES
Stunned by the speed of the ambush.

Gandhi against the party's so-called "Syndicate," a closely knit group of conservative big-city bosses. The issue is the political direction of the party. Ever since she took over three years ago, Indira has attempted to push Congress toward the socialist goals ordained by earlier leaders, including her father Jawaharlal Nehru. But she has run into opposition from disapproving party right-wingers, led by Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister Morarji Desai, her sole rival in the 1966 and 1967 party elections for the premiership. The right-wingers feel that Indira's all-out socialist policies will severely damage private industry and hurt the national economy; most public-sector industries have proved less efficient and profitable than privately owned ones.

Torpedoed at Bangalore. A showdown began to develop two weeks ago at the Bangalore session of the All-India Congress Committee, the party's policy-setting group. In principle, the members of the Syndicate endorsed Indira's efforts to speed India's swing to the left, but in practice they dragged their sandals. Supported by Desai, her chief opponents were Bombay Leader S. K. Patil, Congress Party President S. Nijalingappa, former President Kumaraswami Kamaraj and West Bengal Chief Minister Atulya Ghosh. After first challenging Indira in closed meetings, her opponents tried to sidestep such proposals as nationalizing Indian banks by paying them mere lip service in the vague closing resolution. But their real success came in defeating Indira on the party's choice of a candidate for the presidency, vacant since the death of Dr. Zakir Husain last May. (Elections are scheduled for mid-August.)

Mrs. Gandhi had thrown her prestige behind Acting President V. V. Giri, but the Syndicate vetoed his nomination. Then Indira switched her support to Food and Agriculture Minister Jagjivan Ram. The Syndicate, however, forced through the approval of Sanjiva Reddy, Speaker of the Lok Sabha (lower house of parliament) and a loyal Syndicate member. Indira was furious and decided to strike back directly at Finance Minister Desai, who had opposed her plan to nationalize the banks.

After a day of plotting tactics, she issued a curt announcement from the President's House stating that "Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Prime Minister, shall be Minister of Finance in addition to her present charges." Stripped of the powerful Finance portfolio, the angry and embarrassed Desai quit as Deputy Prime Minister. "How can I continue?" he asked. After frantic efforts by their Cabinet colleagues and Congress Party President Nijalingappa to bring about a reconciliation, Mrs. Gandhi and Desai were coaxed to meet for an hour at week's end.

Their icy confrontation served only to deepen the Congress split. Desai demanded reinstatement to the Finance Ministry. Mrs. Gandhi refused. Then she proceeded to carry out her proposals herself. At week's end India's 14 largest private banks were nationalized. Stunned by the speed and force of Indira's ambush, the Syndicate made no immediate response. The party bosses may decide not to challenge her on the leadership issue since the party has already twice rejected the austere and inflexible Desai in Indira's favor because he has little voter appeal. But in the event they do, the outcome of a no-confidence motion against Indira might well tear Congress apart. By any odds, the party seemed more firmly stuck in India's political quicksand than ever.

CENTRAL AMERICA

A Population Explosion

While guests at the French Embassy enjoyed the Bastille Day cocktail party in the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa, a slow old C-47 transport plane circled the city. One of the plane doors opened and out rolled a bomb that landed harmlessly in a muddy field. It was the Honduran capital's first taste of the tragic and senseless miniwar that erupted last week between Honduras and El Salvador. At two points along the ill-defined border, Salvadoran troops pushed into Honduras, and the small air force of each country flew raids against military and industrial targets. After five days of fighting, the Organization of American States managed to impose an uneasy cease-fire.

The damage was already done. An estimated 2,000 soldiers and civilians, mostly Hondurans, were reported dead. Honduran bombs damaged El Salvador's biggest oil refinery. The future effectiveness of the Central American Common Market, which has brought a surprising amount of industrialization to the region of the combatants in the past nine years, was imperiled, and the area's main lifeline, the Inter-American Highway, was closed down by the fighting. In the wake of death and damage, a legacy of bitterness was created that



Where in the world would soldiers wade in full uniform into a river? In China, of course. Last week, with caps on their heads and rifles slung on their backs, soldiers of the People's Liberation Army paddled past a huge poster of Mao Tse-tung in Peking. Chanting, "Closely follow our great leader Chairman Mao forever and march forward courageous-

ly," the soldiers were participating in a nationwide swim-in that commemorated the third anniversary of Mao's famed splash in the mighty Yangtze River. At that time, he supposedly swam and floated nine miles downstream, a widely-publicized feat that dispelled doubts, at least in China, about the health of the old revolutionary, then 72.

might well bedevil the two neighbors for years.

In the past, Honduras and El Salvador have managed to live together in relative peace. Their people speak a common dialect that reflects their Spanish-Indian descent. They are both plagued by poverty and illiteracy, both are ruled by military leaders, and both depend economically on agricultural exports to the U.S. (coffee from El Salvador, bananas from Honduras).

The crucial difference is population density. The 3,300,000 Salvadorans, who are multiplying at one of the world's highest growth rates, are jammed into a volcanic land no larger than the state of Massachusetts. The 2,600,000 Hondurans are spread thinly over rich territories, fragrant with pine, and five times as

than 11,000 Salvadorans fled Honduras, and frequent small clashes took place along the border.

Soccer War. Tensions were brought to flash point last month by a series of soccer games. A three-game play-off was held to decide who would represent Central America in the World Cup soccer championship this year. El Salvador's team went to "Teague" (as Yankees call the Honduran capital) and lost 1-0 in overtime. Until game time for the rematch in the Salvadoran capital a week later, the Honduran players had to be hidden outside San Salvador. The Salvadorans won, and Hondurans retaliated by vandalizing Salvadoran stores in their country and boycotting Salvadoran goods. El Salvador accused Honduras of pursuing a policy of genocide against the Salvadoran people, and both countries broke off diplomatic relations.

The final soccer game was prudently transferred to the neutral ground of Mexico City. When Salvador won, the Hondurans were outraged. In an outburst of *machismo*, they sent an air force plane streaking across the skies of El Salvador. The Hondurans may well have looked on the flight as only a bit of face-saving muscle flexing, but the Salvadorans regarded it as a grave provocation. They decided to launch a preventive war.

Air Attacks. As Salvador's old C-47 unloaded its bomb on the Honduran capital, six World War II-vintage Mustangs, which comprise the bulk of El Salvador's air force, hit several Honduran garrison towns. Next morning, Hondurans wheeled out its eleven old, folding Corsairs and sent them to bomb Easo oil tanks at two Salvadoran ports, Acapulilla and Cutuco.

El Salvador's ground troops attacked the provincial capital of Nueva Ocotepeque, in Honduras' southwest corner. A brigade commanded by Colonel Mario ("El Diabolo") Velázquez Jandres, a hefty green-eyed man who sports modish sideburns, pressed poorly led Honduran units into a narrow defile, then battered them and the town with 75-mm. artillery and mortar fire.

Chased by *El Diabolo's* troops, Honduran soldiers and civilians alike fled over the nearby Guatemalan border. American Franciscan Father Roderick Brennan, Ocotepeque's parish priest, estimated that he saw 500 dead Hondurans after the battle, 100 of them civilians. El Salvador claimed losses of only 18 soldiers killed. The blue and white flag of El Salvador flew over the nearly deserted Honduran town.

At week's end, both countries accepted an OAS cease-fire proposal. It called for a withdrawal of Salvadoran troops from Honduran territory in return for a Honduran pledge to protect the lives of Salvadorans in Honduras. An OAS peace-keeping force would stand guard along the border until tempers cooled. Since both sides seemed to have exhausted their ammunition and war planes, there was hope that the truce might turn into a permanent peace.

THE FIGHT TO SAVE THE SINKING JEWEL OF THE ADRIATIC

SCATTERING the ever-present pigeons before them, stocky Bavarians strode across the Piazza San Marco, stopping to admire the lofty 11th century basilica, where Christian knights knelt in prayer before setting out on the Fourth Crusade. Not far away, American tourists surveyed the vaulted arches whose proud occupants once presided over Medieval Europe's richest and most powerful city-state. More leisurely visitors sipped wine in the chiaroscuro atmosphere of the Florian Café, where modern expatriates from Ezra Pound to Peggy Guggenheim have gathered to talk. Almost everyone, some time during his visit, found time to marvel at the frescoes of Titian and Tintoretto, the sculpture of Rizzo and Verocchio, and the majestic bell towers and loggia of Buon and Sansovino.

Rising Waters. As it has for centuries, Venice last week enticed and entranced a horde of tourists, part of the city's 3,000,000 annual visitors. Few of them were aware that "man's most beautiful artifact," as Art Historian Bernard Berenson called Venice, is sinking beneath their feet.

That possibility has worried Venetians, and those who love Venice, for centuries. Lord Byron foresaw a day when the city's "marble walls are level with the waters." Built on a group of mud islands and reinforced only by ancient wooden piles and wattle, Venice has always been a sinking city. In recent years, however, in addition to losing ground at an ever faster rate, it has been attacked by the pestilence of modern cities—air pollution. As a result, the city and its treasures are now in greater danger than ever before.

The water's higher level is clearly evident in the yearly rise in a slimy black-green line on the palazzi along the Grand Canal. Because of the melting of polar ice, the sea level at Venice is rising .055 in. a year. At the same time, the island is sinking .106 in. a year—partly because industrialists and farmers have been pumping away the cushion of underground water. An even more serious factor has been dredging operations in the lagoon between Venice and Marghera, its rapidly expanding industrial satellite on the mainland.

The digging and filling for Marghera's deep-water tanker canals and protective dikes have not only helped erode the island's underpinnings, but also seem to have unsettled the natural ebb and flow of the tidal waters. In the past, flooding was a rarity in Venice. But now it has become almost a regular occurrence, as winds and new tidal currents trap an overflow of water behind the lagoon's three cresses. Along the canals, water has seeped through foundations to crack and moisten plaster walls



REFUGEES FLEEING BATTLE
Density is the crucial difference.

big as El Salvador. Such is the land hunger among Salvadorans that in the past two decades 275,000 of them have spilled over into Honduras.

At home, Salvadorans have of necessity become scrambling go-getters who have achieved a substantial level of industrialization. As expatriates in Honduras, Salvadorans have excelled as farm workers and shopkeepers. Increasingly, Hondurans began to resent the Salvadoran intruders, who some times took jobs and land away from local people. Honduras last year decreed a land reform, ostensibly to create more equitable distribution of its farm acreage. But one major effect was to deny Salvadorans the right to own land. Many Salvadorans, forced off their Honduran farms, began to return to their overcrowded homeland.

Mobs of Honduran hoodlums terrorized Salvadoran settlers by setting fire to their houses if they failed to heed warnings to leave. Salvadorans wrote to relatives at home telling of murder and rape by Honduras toughs. More



VENICE UNDER SIEGE

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR TIME BY ALDO BONAZZI

Human enemies have never been able to destroy Venice, but air and water may. Beyond Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari's bell-fry and the lagoon of Venice in the panorama above lies Marghera, the city's industrial satellite, whose petrochemical plants contribute to the pollution eroding buildings and art. Below, ever higher tides spill into the Piazzetta San Marco.





← Humidity has peeled the stucco and ruined the facade of Palazzo Erizzo Boldri on the Grand Canal. Of the 450 surviving palaces in Venice, 350 are in need of repair. More than 800 buildings of all types have been vacated because they are falling apart.

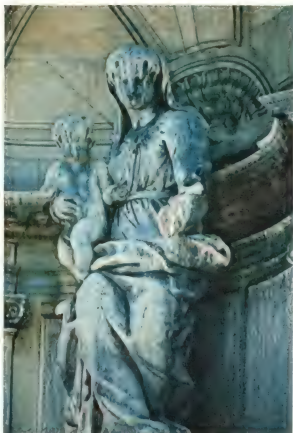
Refuse builds in a backwater below the Abbazia Grande Della Misericordia. Venetians still depend on tides to carry off their garbage, but modern harbor dredging and construction are affecting tidal currents.

Only at low tide are the steps of the 15th century Palazzo Garzoni visible. The rooms behind are abandoned. The Grand Canal creeps an inch higher each year as the building sinks, and at high tide water swirls through the rotted door and over the floors.





Giambattista Canal's ceiling fresco, *The Glory of Saint Eufemia*, painted in 1764, has cracked and chipped as humidity swelled the plaster under it and as the walls in the Church of Santa Eufemia Alla Giudecca settled. At least 35% of Venice's art has been similarly damaged.



The statue of madonna and child at the Church of the Scalzi is a casualty of air pollution. Venetians heat with fuel oils, whose high sulphur content reacts chemically with stone and marble to eat away art treasures and stone buildings alike. Silicone-resin treatments may halt damage.

Venice's condition has become so alarming that a renaissance movement is finally under way to save the city. For one thing, Professor Valcanover has begun impressive efforts to salvage Venice's endangered art treasures. Working in the San Gregorio Church, his team of experts has restored an amazing 2,500 square meters of major and minor paintings. Aided by funds raised in the U.S., Britain and other countries, they soon will begin to repair Tintoretto's magnificent cycle of frescoes in the school of San Rocco. The pri-

Italian Providence. There are more basic long-range plans afoot, but these have stirred up enough controversy to shake the foundations of a more solid island than Venice. The preservationists of Italia Nostra were recently successful



As Italian providence would have it, the daughter of Marghera's original developer, Countess Anna Maria Cicogna Volpi, is also the local chapter president of Italia Nostra, her campaign has divided family and city. A defamation suit filed partly on her behalf against an advocate of modernization is currently the best gossip in Venetian drawing rooms, since the defendant alleged that the Countess is secretly trying to help business interests in another city by throttling new development in Marghera. No one, of course, really wants Venice to become only a museum. On the other hand, it should not become a second Atlantis.

For years, Spain's favorite guessing game has centered on one question: Who would succeed Generalissimo Francisco Franco? Since Franco, "Caudillo of Spain by the grace of God," had pledged to restore a constitutional monarchy, the choice centered on the two surviving male members of Spain's long-deposed royal family. Would it be the Pretender, Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, 56, son of Spain's last King, Alfonso XIII, who dwells in self-imposed exile in Portugal? Or would it be his son, Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 31, a sports-loving young man who has been educated in Spain and lives there now? Last week, the Caudillo

By contrast, his son, Prince Juan Carlos, is considered more tractable. Franco has already carefully groomed him: the Prince holds commissions from the three Spanish service academies, has spent considerable time studying gov-



She's busy planning for her first child. We are too, and for her grandchildren as well.

Jane and her husband have picked both names. If it's a girl, Sarah. Jonathan, if it's a boy.

They've been putting the finishing touches on the nursery—formerly the TV room—and they're very excited about the English pram due for delivery tomorrow. But there's still a lot to do and buy.

We're busy too, working in areas whose products will serve their child, and their grandchildren.

From tree farming to firefighting

For instance, we are now in the tree farming business. Through our subsidiary, ITT Rayonier Inc., we supply domestic and foreign industries with the basic raw material, cellulose, that goes into more than 6,000 products—such as rayon and acetate fibers, tire cord, cellophane, photographic film, papers, plastic, and paints.

Farsighted land management policies have made Rayonier a leader in its field. It has planted 75 million genetically-improved seedlings, grown in their own nurseries, in one five-year period. In a little more than 20 years these are ready for harvesting. But before then, Rayonier permits the public to come and enjoy these new forests—to camp, fish, hunt, or picnic.

Another of our subsidiaries, Pennsylvania Glass Sand Corporation (PGS), mines a basic raw material, silica sand, used in the manufacture of glass, textiles, detergents, chemicals, adhesives, ceramic housewares and other such products.

From PGS also comes a raw material that's used in the making of an air-dropped fire retardant, which has saved human lives and millions of dollars in forest reserves.

Under PGS's management the mining of silica in flatland areas is the first step in the creation of clear lakes and wooded waterfront homesites.

In other areas, reforestation of worked-over land restores the green cover. In hilly terrain, revegetation with trees and shrubs—even grass seeding—helps keep soil firmly in place as well

as restoring the area's natural beauty.

Changing needs of a changing world

Originally we were almost exclusively in telecommunications, primarily in Europe and Latin America. However, anticipating future demands of the world economy, we've diversified into a truly international corporation with almost 40 percent of our business in the service industries.

In the final analysis it is the profitable businesses like ours that are the source of all funds, through taxes, employment and investments, for making changes for the better—like low-cost housing, satellite communication, superhighways, medicare, fighting crime, the war on poverty, and conservation of natural resources.

Many economists believe that corporations such as ours are drafting the pattern for the corporation of the future because we can direct investments and capabilities into the most productive use.

ITT and you

Since we are a corporation dedicated to meeting the changing needs of a changing world, we have gone into many diverse fields, including natural-resource conversion, home and community building, hotels and motor inns, mutual fund management, car rentals, the food business, data processing, and industrial and commercial controls. (The thermostat in the new nursery carries our General Controls brand name.)

In all these fields, our resources and our standards of performance generate increased competition—which, in turn, results in dynamic growth and more efficient use of material and natural resources. And this means a better, more comfortable life for you today, as well as the promise of a brighter future for the people of tomorrow.

And that goes for Jane's great-grandchildren, too!

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



PRINCE JUAN CARLOS WITH GRANDMOTHER VICTORIA EUGENIA & DON JUAN
Greeted with more curiosity than enthusiasm.

ernment firsthand in Madrid ministries, lives in a palace close to Franco's, and often spends his time with the Caudillo. Moreover, the Prince is quiet and relatively withdrawn; many of his countrymen regard him with more curiosity than enthusiasm.

Originally, Juan Carlos insisted that he would never accept the throne as long as his father was alive. But last January, in an interview with Spain's official news agency, he remarked that he had come to lean toward "political legality." The Prince meant he accepted the view that Franco was empowered under the present constitutional framework to restore whomever he wished to Spain's throne. Until then, the Prince had shared his father's belief that "dynastic legality" must be maintained and that the Borbón line must not be interrupted. Commenting on the likelihood of Juan Carlos' elevation this week, Monarchist Mariano Robles, a lawyer and opponent of the Franco regime, declared, "It is suicide for the monarchy. It is the beginning of the end. A dictator cannot name a King. A King must succeed according to dynastic law. Otherwise it is not a monarchy, it is just a political game."

Canceled Cruise. Don Juan's followers would heartily agree with that. Word of the impending Franco announcement reached the Pretender just as he was about to leave on a Mediterranean vacation cruise. It was canceled immediately. "This operation is being carried out without taking me into account, or the free will of the Spanish people," Don Juan said in a statement. "I am therefore a spectator to the decisions which will be taken on this matter, and I hold no responsibility in this restoration." There was no mention of abdication. Said one of his

court officials, "Don Juan will not abdicate unless he is convinced that this is the only way to save the monarchy." That could set the stage for a showdown between father and son after Franco, now 76, steps down or dies.

EUROPE

Seeking Unity—Slowly

They were all there, those aging statesmen who years ago committed their dreams to the ideal of European unity. Jean Monnet, 80, "the father of the Common Market," last week convened a session of his nonofficial Action Committee for a United States of Europe in Brussels. Former Common Market President Walter Hallstein was there, along with veteran French politicians Antoine Pinay and Maurice Faure and dozens of other ranking European statesmen. Together, they constitute a sort of European shadow government. They had come to Brussels in an attempt to spur Common Market bureaucrats and the respective ministers of the Six (Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands and West Germany) to start immediate negotiations to admit Britain to the economic community.

Even as Monnet and his supporters issued ringing calls for unity during their session in the Charlemagne Building, over at the new Common Market headquarters began the first ministerial meetings since the dethronement of Charles de Gaulle. Would the old obstacles of yesteryear suddenly melt away? Hardly. The six agriculture ministers started what seemed likely to turn into a marathon discussion of the Common Market's costly farm-support issue. They got bogged down in disputes about a unified support price for butter and beef.

The finance and economics ministers

of the Six did somewhat better. After considering proposals from the Common Market's Executive Commission for joint economic planning and budgetary discipline to deal with overheated European economies, the ministers agreed—in principle—to set up a unified monetary mechanism. The details would have to be worked out later. Nevertheless, France's Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and West Germany's Economics Minister Karl Schiller called the agreement an important step. Giscard added, perhaps too optimistically, that it was "the first time we have monetary solidarity among the Six."

This week it will be the foreign ministers' turn to meet in Brussels. The overriding issue will be the question of British entry into the Common Market. The rest of the Six concur with Monnet's proposal for immediate preparations. But French President Georges Pompidou first wants to hold a summit of the Six, perhaps in October, before sitting down with Britain. The French view is likely to prevail.

So far, the main threat to Britain's application seems to be the British themselves. While Monnet was speaking at a press conference in Brussels about the desirability of European political federation, former British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home glanced up from a crossword puzzle and told newsmen that "we British are a practical people. We want to confront a situation first before we think about setting up an institution to handle it." During the same session, British Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart said that plans for a European Parliament were "premature." Such statements made many Europeans wonder whether the British are willing to sacrifice some of their own sovereignty for a united Europe. Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns, a strong supporter of Britain's entry, last week warned that if they wanted only to participate in a loose economic union, "then the British will not become members."

Progress in the North. Meanwhile in Copenhagen, the Scandinavians were making substantial progress toward creating their own economic alliance. After two weeks of final and frenetic discussions, representatives of Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Finland emerged with a detailed blueprint for a Nordic Economic Community, dubbed Nordtek. The draft agreement must still be ratified by the respective Scandinavian parliaments, and there were still difficult compromises to be worked out—notably on dairy products, meat and fisheries. Even so, the consensus was that surprisingly good progress had been made. Targeted by its drafters to go into operation Jan. 1, 1971, Nordtek would unify the Scandinavian economies if the road to Brussels should still be blocked. Or, if membership negotiations were under way, it could serve as their joint bargaining agent with the Common Market for a better deal.

PEOPLE

James Birdseye McPherson (a Civil War general), Michael Hillegas (first U.S. Treasurer), William Windom (one-time Treasury Secretary) and Chief One-Papa (a Sioux) share a common distinction. They were all once pictured on U.S. currency that has since gone out of circulation. Now they will be joined in the banknote boneyard by four less obscure historical figures: Presidents **William McKinley**, **James Madison** and **Grover Cleveland**, and Chief Justice **Salmon P. Chase**. The Treasury is stopping production of \$500 (McKinley), \$1,000 (Cleveland), \$5,000 (Madison) and \$10,000 (Chase) bills; demand for the big notes, first authorized primarily for dealings between banks in 1918, has dropped to a trickle because of checks and computers. For the vast majority who have never looked into their billfolds, little matter. But well-heeled collectors will note that there are only 383 of the \$10,000 bills still in circulation.

David Harris mended a fence while they waited; his wife **Joan Baez** strolled about visibly pregnant, and other members of the commune pranced around in the nude spraying one another with a garden hose. Finally, a motorcycle roared up to the house in Los Altos, Calif., and the rider yelled, "They're two minutes behind me." Two minutes later, "they"—a pair of federal marshals—arrived to escort Harris to prison where he will serve a three-year sentence on his 1968 conviction for refusing induction into the Army. The former president of Stanford's student

body went quietly with a "Catch you later" to friends and a kiss from Joan. A reporter asked her how it would feel to have the baby—her first—with David in jail. "I'm having it by natural childbirth," replied Joan. "So I hope it feels good."

Confident that it would not detract from her wonder-woman image, **Raquel Welch** prepared for her most ambitious role—as Myra Breckinridge, the man who changed his sex to turn temptress, in 20th Century-Fox's version of Gore Vidal's novel. At the announcement press conference, Producer Robert Fry-



RAQUEL WELCH
The image is secure.

er (*The Boston Strangler*, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) said that to the best of his knowledge only Miss Welch and eight transvestites had tested for the role. "It's a great step forward in my career," said Raquel. "But what will *Laugh-In* say?" Nothing uncompromising—not after the latest publicity shot of Raquel released by the studio.

Breeding into Washington to visit her sister, **Luci Johnson Nugent** told reporters that she is now a budding author. She is working on an article about her father and Yuki, the white mongrel who had the run of the White House while L.B.J. was President. "It's just a story about a man and his dog," said Luci, and then she dropped another bit of news: she and Pat are expecting their second child in late December.

The lady was vacationing at Cap-Martin on the Riviera and doing her usual best to frustrate a curious world. Early each morning before **Greta Garbo**, 63, came down for a swim, a maid would appear to ease the beach for prowling pho-



GRETA GARBO
Not so clear after all.

tographers. If the place was deserted, the maid would deliver an "all-clear" signal and Garbo would appear in a white terry-cloth wrap and plunge in for a brief, ever-watchful dip. Security broke only long enough for some quick shots by a long-lens camera that recorded the famous face, still beautiful despite advancing age.

Even the readers of the New York Times may have forgotten, but some time ago, an editorial-page column dismissed Rocket Pioneer **Robert H. Goddard** as one who "seems to lack the knowledge ladled out daily in high schools." What bothered the Times was Goddard's idea that rockets could fly through a vacuum. After Apollo 11's launch last week, the Times recanted. Under the heading a CORRECTION, the paper declared: "Further investigation and experimentation have confirmed the findings of Isaac Newton in the 17th century, and it is now definitely established that a rocket can function in a vacuum as well as in an atmosphere. The Times regrets the error." Date of the offending editorial: Jan. 13, 1920.

The Ellsworth (Maine) *American* is owned by former U.N. Ambassador and Washington Post Editor **James R. Wiggins**, and it served him as a modest vehicle for a birthday tribute to an old friend, neighbor and fellow journalist. A 58-line poem in the *American* carried Wiggins' byline and the following dedication: "To E. B. ('Andy') White of North Brooklyn, on His Seventieth Birthday, July 11, 1969." The couplets fondly recall such White pieces as *One Man's Meat* and *Second Tree from the Corner*, then conclude with these lines:

*There are few things that can be told
A man who's seventy years old;
But, nonetheless, we think it fittin'
To thank him for the stuff he's written.
And on his birthday, simply note it,
And tell him that we're glad he wrote it.*



HARRIS & BAEZ
Catch you later, friends.

TELEVISION

NEWS COVERAGE

Chronicle the Voyage

To parallel Apollo 11's trip to the moon, the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* would have had to be accompanied by a fleet of dispatch boats filled with scientists, singers and scribes. Each day, one of the boats would have returned to Spain to report on the voyage, and the court would have been entertained by a new ballad about Columbus' exploits.

The TV-age equivalent was the special watch maintained by Frank Reynolds and Jules Bergman on ABC, Walter Cronkite and Wally Schirra on CBS, and Chet Huntley, David Brinkley and Frank McGee on NBC. The climax was reached when all three networks canceled their regular programs—CBS and NBC for 31 hours starting at 11 a.m. on Sunday, and ABC for 30 hours beginning at noon—to report, contemplate and analyze the space epic. To fill the hours the networks pulled out all the stops and scheduled an impressive array of names. ABC commissioned Duke Ellington to write and perform a piece of music, *Moon Maiden*. The network also 1) lined up Steve Allen to sit down at a piano and discourse on the moon and romance in popular music, 2) called together a panel of scientists and science-fiction writers including Rod Serling, Isaac Asimov, Frederik Pohl and John Pierce, 3) planned a four-part essay on movie sci-fi, featuring *Flash Gordon* and the Clay People, plus clips from *Destination Moon* and *2001: A Space Odyssey* and 4) taped James Dickey reading one of his space poems.

Ultimate Values. NBC's schedule during the rarefied race for the moon ratings included James Earl Jones and Van Heflin delivering dramatic readings and Rod McKuen reciting poetry. The network also promised discussions of



LUNAR CAMERA
Parts like the pupil of an eye.

the moon and its ultimate value by Authors Michael Crichton and James Simon Kunen, Critic Marya Mannes and Scientist Athelstan Spilhaus.

CBS called on Sir Bernard Lovell, director of the Jodrell Bank Experimental Station in England and one of the world's foremost authorities on astronomy, for a live interview feature. And while ABC might have 2001 film clips for its viewers, CBS planned to have 2001's author, Arthur Clarke, on hand, along with Sir Francis Chichester, Buster Crabbe (*Buck Rogers*) and Buckminster Fuller.

For their part in the moon special, the astronauts were scheduled to beam their live production back to earth via a signal sent through space to a receiving station in Parkes, Australia, from which point it was to be relayed on around the world. And the camera that did all this work? Not really very impressive looking: a 7.25-lb. miniaturized instrument that resembles an ordinary home-movie camera but operates on the same principle as its TV-studio big brother. It contains 250 components designed to operate in a vacuum and under extreme temperature conditions. Some of the parts are no larger than the pupil of an eye; others are as thin as a photo negative. Westinghouse designed the camera so that the astronauts, busy with important scientific experiments, would have a minimum of fussing to do once it was set up on a tripod on the lunar surface. Aside from switching from slow to fast scanning, no adjustments are necessary other than choosing between four fixed-focus lenses—a wide angle, a telephoto, a lens for lunar daylight and a lens for lunar nighttime.

To ward off the sun, which can skyrocket the temperature up to 240° F., the camera is equipped with a highly polished bottom and a top cover treated with heat-resistant paint. It operates on only 6.5 watts of power—less than that used by a household night light. Though it cost about \$400,000, the camera is as disposable as an aluminum beer can. Sad to say, this tough little minibrute was destined to be left behind on the surface of the moon.



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THE BLIND ARE ALSO COLOR BLIND

ART

PAINTING

Rediscovered Riches

Nineteenth century French painting has never fitted neatly into art historians' annals. It was a century of variety and contradictions, blessed with an embarrassment of riches. Every decade had its transcendent master—David, Ingres, Delacroix, Courbet, Corot, Manet, Cézanne—whose force of personality outshone multitudes of minor but thoroughly accomplished painters. One artistic ism followed another, as Neoclassicism yielded to Romanticism, Realism to Impressionism.

All this is reflected in a sumptuous summer-long exhibition entitled "The Past Rediscovered, French Painting 1800-1900" at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. The show provides a rare opportunity for reacquaintance and reassessment (*see color*). Paintings by both major and minor figures, including seven loaned by the Louvre, have been arranged in chronological sequence, thereby skillfully re-creating a vigorous esthetic dialogue reflected on canvas.

Dance of Counterparts. "For most people," says Curator Samuel Sachs II, who organized the exhibition, "the century begins in 1870 with the Impressionists." In reality, as his show demonstrates, it began in 1789 with the French Revolution, which sundered the economic and social structure that had given baroque culture its unity. The pent-up forces of individualism that were released found a counterpart in a new esthetic freedom that, with the Impressionists, would climax in a complete shattering of form and balance.

Overwhelmed by the turbulent revolution, some painters found relief in a nostalgic sense of the past. The idealism of Hellenism served to mirror the heroics of Napoleon. And in recognizing contemporary figures as viable subjects, painters became aware that a struggling peasant could also have a kind of nobility. Travels to exotic cities in North Africa and the Orient also opened painters' eyes to the inimitable charms of the French landscape. Thus, a century that opened extolling antiquity as subject matter ended in exalting personal visual experience. Painting for a patron was replaced by painting purely for its own sake.

The first round in this esthetic debate belongs rightfully to Jacques-Louis David, whose painting is displayed in the exhibition alongside that of five of his pupils. An active revolutionary who later wielded tremendous power as official painter to Napoleon, a classicist able to bend Greco-Roman ideals to the service of French patriotism, David embodied the contradictions of the century. More important, his gruesomely vivid portrait of the assassinated revolutionist Jean-Paul Marat dying in a

bath tub established him as the first artist to make painting relevant to real and immediate events destined for history. "The father of the entire modern school," Delacroix called him.

Man as Hero. None of that cold-eyed passion for historical reality carried over in his pupils' work. Ingres inherited his cold eye, but turned it on unimaginable odalisques and comfortable patrons. His other illustrious pupil, Antoine-Jean Gros, almost reversed the master by ushering in a new school of romantic pageantry. Like David, Gros became caught up in the whirlwind of contemporary politics. Through Josephine, he met Bonaparte in 1796, was given a role in the French army's con-

than Eugène Delacroix, who compared its creator to Homer. An aristocrat who was reputed to be the illegitimate son of Talleyrand, Delacroix both extended and refined Gros' epic romanticism. Though his high baroque style claimed no successor, Delacroix's techniques in juxtaposing complementary colors influenced Cézanne. Van Gogh, Gauguin and the Impressionists. He hit upon the method on a visit to Morocco in 1832. He found that by counterpointing color opposites, which by the law of optics fused in the eye to form gray, he could attain at once a strong effect and a sense of overall harmony. The validity of his theory can be traced in an unusually delicate if cloyingly romantic painting, the 1854 idyll *Turkish Women Bathing*. The Greek statuary and the languid maidens seem a bit ridicu-

lous, but its true quality lies in its handling of color. The transparent blues of the water and sky determine the orange garments of two figures, the dusky greens set off the dark red of a blanket.

Unprejudiced View. By mid-century, the time's inherent romanticism found expression in a burst of landscape painting—and a new respect for human problems. Corot marched out of doors to paint, and the Barbizon school followed. Jean-François Millet captured the inherent dignity of peasant farmers. Daumier the poetry of the Parisian poor. But the overall point that the Minneapolis show makes is that 19th century French painting has too long been viewed as a vast academic conspiracy against the innovators who are now enshrined as the founders of modern art. It makes for a story of martyrs and villains.

But, as usual in history, the victors were not all that virtuous and the vanquished not all that guilty. The Impressionists and their heirs have become an academy in their turn, and developed their own excesses. The super-realism of today's pop artists and the brutal clarity of the new realists represent a backlash, which permits one to view the once scorned academics of yesteryear with a new sympathy.

An unprejudiced eye can now see that Rosa Bonheur's celebrated horses do indeed rollick with immitable vigor, a battle scene by Meissonier can be moving, a lush nude dancer by Theodore Chasseriau genuinely sensual. Many people have always felt this, but now they can admit it without seeming hopelessly unsophisticated. Taken together and seen thus, argues Director Anthony Clark, the period was the "proudest century of French painting."



DAVID'S "MARAT ASSASSINATED"
Re-creating the dialogue.

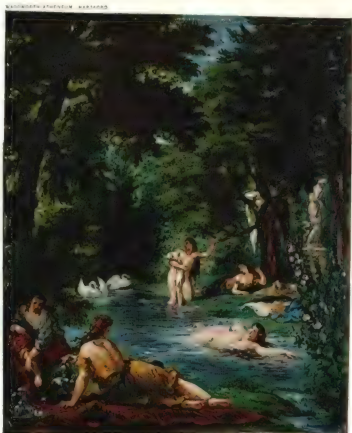
fiscation of Italian art treasures; then taken into Napoleon's entourage.

Part of his franchise was to see his master in the most majestic terms, and Bonaparte Visiting the Pest-Ridden of Jaffa, showing the conqueror touching the sores of a hapless victim of the plague, was clearly intended to portray Napoleon as the modern hero *sans pareil*. But the picture is redeemed by the sharply observed bodies of the stricken. David would probably have laid the scene in a bare hospital room, and Gros considered just that. But feeling the need for a more theatrical setting for his hero, he conceived of a Moorish courtyard looking out on the ramparts of the city. When the painting was shown in the Salon of 1804, younger artists breathed it in laurel.

None appreciated the painting more

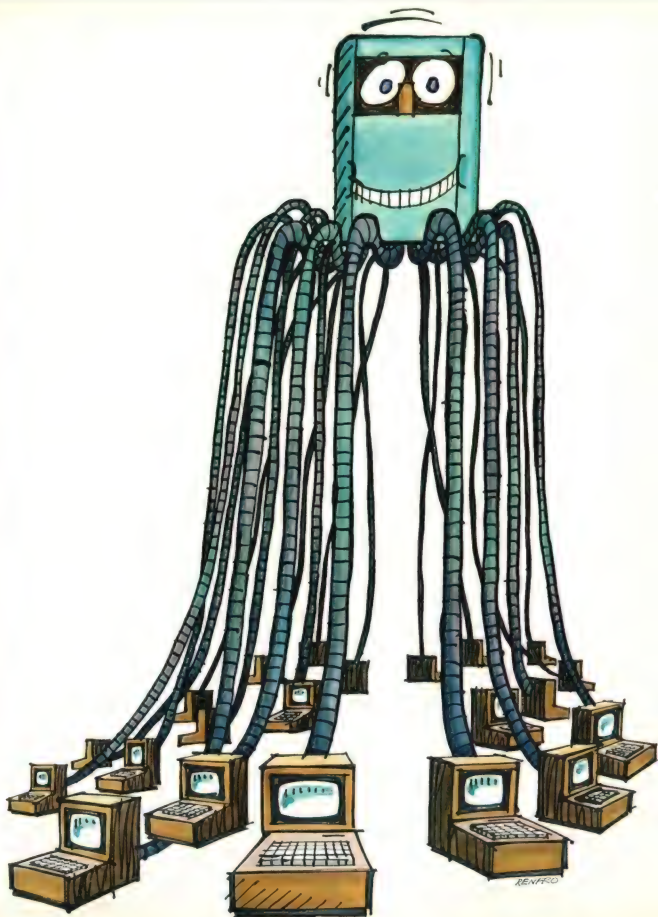
A CENTURY OF FRENCH INDIVIDUALISM

"TURKISH WOMEN BATHING"
Eugène Delacroix



"BONAPARTE VISITING THE PEST-RIDDEN OF JAFFA" Antoine-Jean Gros





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THE LAW

GOVERNMENT

The New Line on Wiretapping

Although wiretapping goes back to the early days of the telegraph, Congress did not get around to giving law-enforcement officials statutory authority to engage in such snooping until last year. The Omnibus Crime Control Act of 1968 expressly legalized electronic eavesdropping for the first time in investigations of such serious crimes as treason, robbery and murder—provided the authorities first obtain a court warrant. During his presidential campaign, Richard Nixon said that he would take full advantage of the new law—a promise that raised fears of a massive invasion of privacy.

To calm those fears, the Administration last week issued what amounted to an official statement on the subject. In his first news conference since becoming the President's chief legal officer, Attorney General John N. Mitchell pointedly announced that the incidence of wiretapping by federal law enforcement agencies had gone down, not up, during the first six months of Republican rule. Mitchell refused to disclose any figures, but he indicated that the number was far lower than most people might think. "Any citizen of this United States who is not involved in some illegal activity," he added, "has nothing to fear whatsoever."

Congressional Bugs. Mitchell's assurances were not entirely convincing. It has long been common knowledge that the Government listened in regularly on the telephone conversations of Teamsters Boss Jimmy Hoffa and a wide assortment of Mafia chieftains. But recently the public has also learned that the FBI indulged in eavesdropping on Negro Leaders Martin Luther King Jr.

and Elijah Muhammad, as well as such white radicals as David Dellinger and Jerry Rubin. Not even Capitol Hill is immune, according to Democratic Senator Ralph W. Yarborough of Texas and Republican Senator Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska, who contend that congressional telephones have also been subjected to bugging.

If anything, the Nixon Administration has been less than apologetic about the practice. Last month, in a memorandum filed during the Chicago trial of eight men charged with conspiring to incite acts of violence during the Democratic National Convention, the Justice Department claimed the inherent right to bug or wiretap—without court orders—any time it felt that the "national security" was in jeopardy. As authority for this broad power, the Government cited the President's oath to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution" from domestic subversion as well as foreign enemies. Contending that every President since Franklin Roosevelt had permitted such wiretaps, the Government went on to imply that they were even more important now because of the growing violence and rioting in the nation's cities and on its campuses.

Some legal historians have found that argument more sinister than anything since the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 when constitutional rights were openly violated on the ironic grounds that this was the only way to defend the Constitution "It is an outrage," declared Columbia University Government Professor Alan Westin, author of the 1967 book *Privacy and Freedom* and one of 13 professors who fired off an impassioned protest to Mitchell. "It is one of the most dangerous claims for power by an Attorney General in our history."

Law Professor Herman Schwartz of the State University of New York at Buffalo, one of the staunchest opponents of unregulated Government wiretapping, agreed. "Once you have such a tool," he said, "the temptation to use it is enormous." It could, others argued, be employed almost at will against any political dissident who happened to arouse the anger of an incumbent Attorney General. Describing the Justice Department's approach as a serious threat to the First Amendment (freedom of speech and assembly) and the Fourth (protection against unreasonable search and seizure), the American Civil Liberties Union has asked for a federal court injunction to halt all bugging of a domestic political character that is not explicitly authorized by order of the courts.

The new Government policy, the A.C.L.U. insisted, has already created "a chill and a pall" among those legitimate political protesters who might fall within the Government's new eavesdropping "dragnet." University of Michigan Law Professor Yale Kamisar speculated recently that the Nixon Administration was openly inviting a showdown with the Supreme Court on the wiretapping issue. "The court is hurt," explained Kamisar, "and the Justice Department thinks it can win, given the current public climate about crime and coddling criminals."

Embassy Snooping. It was the high court that brought the shadowy issue of electronic surveillance into the open in the first place. Last March, in the case of *Alderman v. U.S.*, the court held that a defendant may demand to see the transcripts of any illegal bugs or wiretaps of his conversations, or those of people on his premises. The 5-to-3 decision forced the Government to yield not only its Hoffa records, but also those of ex-Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay's conversations with King and



"NOW JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE LAMPPOST"



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Elijah Muhammad.* Yet the Government had a far more important reason for dissatisfaction with the Alderman decision.

Justice Department officials pointed out that the opinion did not exempt the bugs that the FBI has long planted, without judicial sanction, along Washington's Embassy Row. Anyone who phoned an embassy and was later accused of a crime, they argued, would now be entitled to force the Government to reveal such eavesdroppers—even though they might involve delicate international affairs. In turning down the Government's motion for a new hearing, Justice Potter Stewart noted that the Court had ordered the release of records only when the eavesdropping violated the Fourth Amendment—and that it had not ruled on the legality of bugging for national-security reasons. To the Justice Department, at least, Stewart's statement seemed to mean a green light for any national-security tapping that it felt necessary.

No Guarantees. Many law-enforcement officials argue that the benefits of restrained wiretapping far outweigh the hazards. On the basis of his own experience as a prosecutor in the New York courts, Columbia Law Professor Richard Uviller contends that bugging is one of the most effective weapons against organized crime. A preliminary report on the effects of the wiretap provisions of the new crime-control law tends to hear him out: the 174 taps authorized by four state courts after the Omnibus Crime Bill was passed last year led to no fewer than 263 arrests. "We can't guarantee that there won't be abuses in this area any more than you can be assured that a cop will use his gun properly," says Alfred Scott, chief assistant in the busy Manhattan D.A.'s office, which asks the courts for about 75 wiretap orders a year. "But you want him to have the gun, don't you?"

Perhaps. Yet that question overlooks another important argument: misuse of a gun is usually a public act; eavesdropping, on the other hand, tends to be a highly secret tactic. By disavowing court supervision of the practice, particularly in cases of eavesdropping on domestic political groups, the Justice Department has created a dangerous precedent. There is a vast difference between legally approved snooping on a Mafia overlord and unauthorized surveillance of a political maverick whose views do not happen to please an administration in power.

* Hoffa, who is already serving time in the Lewisburg, Pa., federal penitentiary for jury tampering, was turned down by a Chicago federal court last week in his effort to win a new trial on his 1964 conviction for conspiracy and fraud in handling union funds. At the same time, a Houston federal judge rejected Clay's bid for a reversal of his 1967 draft-dodging conviction. Both appeals were based on the argument that the Government had used illegal wiretaps, but the judges ruled that the eavesdropping had not contributed to the convictions.

SPORT

BASEBALL

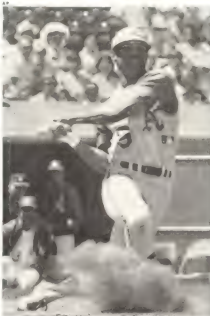
The Fence-Busters

Someone once asked Babe Ruth how he came to hit so many home runs. The Babe grinned and replied, "Because I don't like to run out singles." This season, two other sluggers who hate singles are swinging for the fences: Oakland's Reggie Jackson and Washington's Frank Howard. One out of every four hits that Ruth produced during his 21-year career was a home run; Jackson and Howard have been walloping them at the rate of one in every three.

Against California last week, the

A's in 1968. At 6 ft. 2 in., 197 lbs., the rookie rightfielder did not look like an overpowering slugger. Yet in a season dominated by superlative pitching, he hit 29 home runs. He also struck out 171 times—the second-highest total in major-league history. On top of that, he led American League outfielders in errors with twelve. "I took the bat with me to the outfield," Jackson explains. "When I did poorly at the plate, I used to brood about it out there."

Biggest and Strongest. This year, Jackson's fielding is much slicker, and his strikeout rate is down by 25%. He has also switched from a 33-oz. to a 37-



JACKSON BATTING AGAINST KANSAS CITY



HOWARD AGAINST DETROIT

Aversion to singles.

lefthanded Jackson hit his 36th home run of the year as the A's won 3-2. Earlier in the week, a righthanded hitter noted for his tremendous strength and towering blasts, lashed his 34th in a game that the Senators dropped 4-3 to Detroit. Both men are at least two weeks ahead of the pace set by Ruth and Roger Maris in the years of their record performances (60 in 155 games for Ruth in 1927; 61 over an expanded 163-game schedule for Maris in 1961). Both were solid American League choices for this week's All-Star game.

Diamond Over Gridiron. Son of a Wyncote, Pa., tailor, Jackson, now 23, starred in both football and baseball in high school and won a scholarship to Arizona State, perhaps the only college in the country that prizes the diamond over the gridiron. In his sophomore year he hit 15 home runs and batted .327. He was drafted by the A's and signed for an estimated \$85,000.

After only two years of minor-league seasoning, Jackson was called up by

oz. bat, and the results have been awesome. One of his homers cleared the left centerfield fence in Kansas City, 480 ft. from home plate and nearly 80 ft. up. "They say it went 600 and change," says Jackson. He batted in ten runs in a game with Boston. During a recent game in Oakland, he belted three home runs against Seattle pitchers. After he cracked two home runs in a single game in Washington, Jackson received a telegram from a local fan: "Although I always root for the home team, I have nothing but the highest admiration for your performance the night I saw you. Sincerely, Richard Nixon."

Nixon's home team also boasts a man whose performance has been worthy of the highest admiration—bespectacled Frank Howard. While Jackson is relatively unprepossessing in appearance, Howard at 33 is absolutely forbidding. One of his home runs once splintered a bleacher seat 530 ft. from the plate. A veteran of seven years with the Los Angeles Dodgers, the 6-ft., 7-in., 260-lb.

first baseman was always a prodigious but sporadic long-ball hitter. Only after he was traded to the Senators in 1964 did he begin living up to his potential. In 1968 Howard led both leagues with 44 home runs. Says Manager Ted Williams: "That son-of-a-gun is the biggest and strongest hitter who ever played this game. Nobody ever hit the ball harder or farther. Nobody."

Others are certainly trying. Boston's Carl Yastrzemski and Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew have slammed 28 home runs apiece. In the National League, San Francisco's Willie McCovey and Cincinnati's Lee May also have 28, while Atlanta's durable Hank Aaron has 24, to bring his career total to 534. With the season little more than half over, seven or eight hitters thus have a shot at hitting 50 or more home runs—a feat that has been accomplished by only nine players in major league history.* If 1968 was the year of the pitcher, 1969 may well be remembered as the year of the fence-busters.

SWIMMING

Growing Up to the Legend

Swimmer Mark Spitz, then an 18-year-old high school graduate from Santa Clara, Calif., returned from the 1968 Olympics with two gold medals, one silver and one bronze—and a feeling of failure. Goaded by the press corps in Mexico City and supremely self-confident, Spitz had unwisely spoken of winning five or even six gold medals in the freestyle, butterfly, medley and relay events. "I tried not to believe all I was reading about myself, but I wound up believing every word of it," he says. "After the Olympics, I was more than disappointed. I was downright depressed."

By now Spitz should have snapped out of it. At last week's Santa Clara International Invitational Meet, the Indiana University freshman entered three events and tied records in each of them: 1) his own world mark of 55.6 sec. in the 100-meter butterfly; 2) the American record in the 100-meter freestyle (52.6 sec.); 3) Don Schollander's world mark in the 200-meter freestyle (1 min. 54.3 sec.). Last spring, Spitz's sweep of three events led Indiana to the N.C.A.A. championship by 121 points. His performances since Mexico City have dispelled any doubt that he is still the world's premier swimmer.

"Mark is swimming with more confidence than ever before," says former Olympic Champion Murray Rose. "In the long run, I think those setbacks at Mexico City were good for him." Maturity may well be the answer to Spitz's comeback. By the time he was 18, he had won 26 national and international titles, broken ten world and 28 U.S. records. Everyone expected him to replace Schollander, who won four gold medals

in 1964, as the U.S. team's one-man gang in Mexico City. After his disappointing Olympic performance, he underwent some agonizing reappraisals. "I realized that losing can mean something to you," he reflects. "I decided to leave California and re-establish my goals. I wanted to go through school as somebody, not just an athlete."

Spitz warded off local recruiters and entered Indiana in February as he turned 19. "My first day," he recalls, "I walked into a campus store and the fellow behind the counter knew who I was right off. That was a good feeling." The fellows on the swimming team also knew only too well who Spitz was; his reputation as a taciturn loner had preceded him. But Coach James ("Doc") Counsilman wisely called his charges to-



SPITZ WARMING UP
Victory in the loss.

gether and made sure that they gave Mark a fair shake.

Hitting His Peak. Counsilman's counsel paid off. "I think the guys on the team liked me right away," says Mark, "and they avoided talking about the Olympics." Mark moved into a dormitory with George Smith, another Olympian, pledged Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, earned A's for attitude as well as in his studies. "It was just a matter of growing up," says Counsilman. "College has given him the chance to mingle with contemporaries for the first time, and he has turned out to be one of the most popular guys on the team."

At the rate Spitz is going, Counsilman reckons he may get another chance to stroke for Olympic gold—even though he will be 22, ancient by swimming standards, when the Munich games roll around. Says Counsilman, "He should just be hitting his peak by 1972." Spitz, of course, wants nothing more than another try. "Everything I do now is geared to 1972," he says. "I don't want another Mexico City."

FOOTBALL

Bachelors II

For a man whose acting experience was limited to one role in a still unfinished Hollywood movie, Joe Willie Namath put on a surprisingly good show. For more than a month, the flamboyant quarterback of the champion New York Jets had most of his fans—and himself to boot—convinced that he was going to quit football. Professional Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle had ordered him to give up his part-ownership of the Manhattan gin mill Bachelors III, and to quit hanging around with the hoods and gamblers who populated the joint. Namath pleaded that he was being made a victim of guilt by association. In a tear-stained press conference last month, he said: "The last thing I want to do is quit. But it's a matter of principle." With that, he announced his retirement from the game that has made him rich.

Cardinal Rule. If he thought he was putting pressure on Rozelle, he should have known better. A cardinal rule of professional football, spelled out plainly in Rule 3 of every player's contract, states that a player "must not associate with gamblers or other notorious characters." And because of his questionable associations, Namath was clearly guilty of breaking the rule. Rozelle understood only too well what such transgressions can mean to the name of the game. Sooner or later, rumors would start circulating that gamblers were getting too close to the shaggy-haired superstar who led his team to a stunning 16-7 upset over the formidable Baltimore Colts in the Super Bowl last January. Rightly or wrongly, word would quickly be passed around that games were being fixed.

Rozelle was adamant, and Namath finally got the message. Last week, following a round of secret conferences in Manhattan spaced over five days, the commissioner said: "I'm happy to announce that Joe will be back with the Jets. He is selling his interest in Bachelors III, and we consider the matter entirely closed." Resplendent in yellow and tan sports shirt atop pin-striped, black bell-bottom trousers, Namath said: "We all got a little tired of the situation, I still insist I haven't done anything wrong, but there is still that area of doubt, that question with the public which we are trying to erase now." Added Namath: "I want to play football."

With that, Namath flew off to Los Angeles, where the finishing touches are being put on the movie *Noward*, which features Joe as an ex-Marine living in Manhattan. He promised to report to the Jets' Long Island training camp by week's end. Would he also quit playing the midnight cowboy around his old watering place, which is now known to wags as Bachelors II? "I think now," said Commissioner Rozelle wryly, "that Joe has a better understanding of guilt by association."

* Hack Wilson, Hank Greenberg, Johnny Mize and Mays each did it once, Ralph Kiner, Jimmy Fox, Willie Mays and Mickey Vernon twice, and Ruth four times.

EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

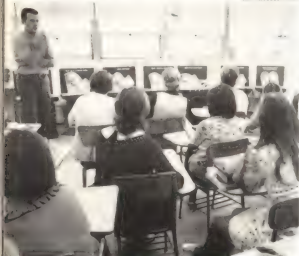
Sex in the Classroom

Sex education has become the most hotly debated topic in American elementary education. In recent months, a carefully orchestrated campaign led by political conservatives has embroiled one school district after another across the nation in angry argument over sex courses. State legislatures have argued the subject; school-board and P.T.A. meetings have been disrupted by angry opponents of sex education, who have sometimes labeled its advocates Communist sympathizers and proponents of "psychological VD." The nationwide offensive against sex education was a major topic at this month's annual con-

Filthy Plot. The Crusade's crusade was quickly taken up by the John Birch Society, whose founder, Robert Welch, decided that sex education was a "filthy Communist plot," akin to community fluoridation plans. So far, communities in 35 states have become embroiled in disputes over sex courses, inspired by such colorfully named parents' organizations as Sanity of Sex (S.O.S.), Parents Against Universal Sex Education (PAUSE), and the Movement to Restore Decency (MOTOREDE). Although the unsavory hand of the Christian Crusade and the Birch Society can be detected in most of these groups, the campaign against sex education has enlisted the support of many concerned citizens without right-wing affiliations

(TOP) ARNOLD FINE

(BOTTOM) BERNARD



SEX EDUCATION IN ANAHEIM, CALIF.

But the basic responsibility still belongs at home.



MARY CALDERONE

vention of the National Education Association, which passed a resolution strongly reaffirming its support for the courses.

The attack on sex education began last fall with the publication of an angry little pamphlet called "Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?" This diatribe was produced by the Christian Crusade of Tulsa, a right-wing, anti-Communist organization headed by Fundamentalist Preacher Billy James Hargis. The pamphlet focused on the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., a non-profit health organization that advises schools on sex-education courses. The council's director, Dr. Mary S. Calderone, a nationally recognized authority on sex education, was accused of "tossing God aside . . . to teach American youth a new sex morality independent of church and state," and of telling young people about "their right to enjoy premarital intercourse . . . if they so desire."

who oppose the courses on religious or psychological grounds.

Opponents of sex education raise a wide variety of charges—some plausible, some not—against the courses. At the lowest level, the attacks consist of nothing more than innuendoes that the teachers involved are degenerates eager to seduce youngsters into a life of blatant immorality. A more serious argument is that such courses are too specific, too early and too stimulating. Miami Psychiatrist James Parsons, for example, actively opposes any sex education in primary schools because "there is a latency period, between the age of six and the time of puberty, of sexual interest." Forcing sex education on children in this period can cause them to "become overstimulated and obsessed" and can "produce perversion in adults." Still other critics of the courses argue that the schools are illicitly taking over an educative function that properly belongs in the home or with the churches.

Supporters of sex courses include an impressive variety of medical, religious and governmental groups. While they are in agreement that the basic responsibility for teaching children about sex rests with parents, many educators add that too many parents have abdicated their responsibilities, because of incompetence or neglect. Answering persistent complaints that the courses prematurely draw attention to sex, Dr. Calderone points out: "Sex is so intrusive and our culture is so permeated with sexual messages that planned and relevant sex-education programs are vital now." As for Parsons' argument about the latency period, she argues that "sex is so ubiquitous now that the child is getting sexual information from the time of birth."

According to a recent Gallup poll, 71% of adult Americans approve of sex education in one form or another. Under the concerted conservative attack, the programs are being questioned and even halted in many areas. Notably, boards of education in three California cities have been sued because of sex courses by citizen groups charging invasion of privacy. Legislators in Arizona, California, Iowa, New Jersey, New York and Oklahoma have recently debated the merits of sex-education programs. Last May, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller approved a conservative-backed law withholding state funds from sex education courses, and a similar bill has been proposed in Congress to withhold federal monies. Tennessee has adopted a new law making it a misdemeanor for a teacher to prevent sex courses without prior approval of both the state government and local boards of education.

Health and Development. The very term "sex education" is a trifle misleading, because almost all programs include sex courses only as part of a broader study of health and human development. To be sure, the courses and their teachers vary considerably both in quality and competence. Typically, the programs include study of family living, growth, hygiene and, in the higher grades, responsible social behavior, the hazards of indiscriminate relationships and premarital sex, as well as basic facts about the reproductive system and its purpose. In many schools, parents can request that their children not participate.

The strongest opposition to sex courses comes from the middle-aged; more often than not, it reflects their discontent with the changes taking place in a world different from that in which they grew up. The schools, for their part, are obviously not responsible for creating today's sexual revolution; they are merely trying to help students cope with it. To eliminate these courses is to deny many children access to essential knowledge that can ease their difficult psychic transition from adolescence to adulthood.



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MUSIC

COMPOSERS

Cool Hand in Hollywood

"I'm not putting his piano playing down," says Dizzy Gillespie, "but he's a better writer than a pianist." Gillespie was talking about Argentina's Lalo Schifrin, 37, who used to jam with Dizzy's band in Birdland days. Today Schifrin is widely accepted in Hollywood as the most inventive composer of movie scores in the business. Since quitting the Gillespie quintet in 1963 to try his luck with films, he has scored 21 features (*Cool Hand Luke*, *Bullitt*), three TV series (including *Mission: Impossible*, with its pulsating, wide-open jazz theme) and half a dozen TV specials. Almost all the scores are good, and almost all are different in style and sound.

Schifrin epitomizes the outlook of a new school of conservatory, or college-trained, Hollywood composers. Among others: Leonard Rosenman, 44 (*Fantastic Voyage*); Dave Grusin, 35 (*Winning*); Jerry Goldsmith, 40 (*Planet of the Apes*); Quincy Jones, 36 (*In the Heat of the Night*). They use jazz, pop and rock as freely as the latest serial and electronic techniques. Like Henry Mancini, who started the trend toward mod sound in the late '50s, they know when to support the plot if the characters are of secondary importance, and vice versa. Schifrin has a deft jazz touch that only Mancini and Jones can match, although his personal leaning is toward Latin-tinged blues. Schifrin's version of the blues is a way of expressing passion and depicting people in a cooler and less sentimental mood than would have been likely a generation ago. That attitude fits in with the new approach to film scoring. "Today's composers are a little more subdued, a little more inward looking," he says. "We are suggesting and implying things through our music rather than directly expressing things."

Golf Balls. A case in point is *The Fox*, in which Schifrin used a lone flute with a sad, fragile melody to frame the film's lesbian theme against its bleak, Canadian country background. He can make points just as effectively with unusual sounds and effects. For *Hell in the Pacific*, he wrote mostly in a serialistic orchestral style, but at one point bounced golf balls on the strings of a piano to underline the irrational hatred between the film's antagonists, Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune. In the recent *Chief*, he suggested the primitiveness of the Bolivian mountains by conjuring up an original score based on the sullen, pentatonic folk music of the ancient Inca tribes, even using native instruments like the armadillo (strings stretched across an armadillo shell). The film was a disaster, but Schifrin's score won widespread acclaim.

Part of Schifrin's versatility stems from his parents' background. His grandfather had traveled from his native Rus-

sia to Amsterdam, intending to catch the first ship to the U.S. The only boat leaving immediately was bound for Buenos Aires, so he took it. Thus, Lalo (his real first name is Boris) was born in 1932 in a city that drew no cultural and social lines between various forms of music: Argentine folk music, Spanish songs, American jazz and pop, the classics, were all treated on a par—especially in the household run by Schifrin's father, concertmaster of the Buenos Aires Philharmonic.

Sensual Pastiche. After diverse musical training, including a year of studying Debussy, Ravel and Schönberg at the Paris Conservatory, Schifrin moved to New York in 1958. He formed a

LUCIAN BASSER



SCHIFRIN WITH ARMADILLO
Legitimate form of its own.

jazz trio, and began arranging for Xavier Cugat's orchestra. On the side, he composed a suite called *Gillespiana*, intended, of course, for Dizzy, whom Schifrin had met in South America. Gillespie loved it (still does: "It's the best thing he's done, as far as my taste goes"); in 1960 Schifrin became Dizzy's regular pianist and arranger, a harmonious alliance that lasted three years.

Unlike some Hollywood composers of the past, who regarded film scoring as a well-paid distraction from their real work, Schifrin believes in movie music as a legitimate form of its own. That has not kept him from writing a *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* for RCA Records, however, or *Variants on a Madrigal of Gesualdo*, which was premiered at a music festival last May in Ojai, Calif. Next year will see the first performance of a score for jazz band and full symphony that was commissioned by the Los Angeles Philharmonic. What particularly intrigues Schifrin is the opposed possibility that film, music and

art will someday merge into a new, mixed-media form. "We are at the very beginning of a new era in perception," he says. One of his favorite pastimes is to tune two TV sets to different channels, put a record on the stereo—and then turn on to the resulting pastiche of sensual experiences.

ROCK

More Wrong than Right

To many rock fans, nothing beats a good weekend festival of sound. Out in the open, with a dozen or so singers and bands to groove with, the living is easy. "Everybody is smiling and offering you food and laughing," explains one hip ticket buyer. "It's a really groovy thing when it's going right—kind of like the way you'd like the world to be."

Unfortunately, things have been wrong more often than right at rock festivals across the U.S. this summer. In June, the Newport '69 Festival outside Los Angeles was disrupted repeatedly as gangs of toughs and pseudo toughs crashed the gates by the thousands, threw sticks, bottles and rocks at the police. At the Denver Pop Festival the next weekend, gate crashers lobbed firecrackers, bottles and debris at the police and the police threw tear gas. At the Newport (Rhode Island) Jazz Festival over the July 4 weekend, where rock was included for the first time, bonfires were set, chairs and fences broken inside the festival grounds; on the last day, Producer George Wein announced that the appearance of one of Britain's top new groups, Led Zeppelin, would be canceled in the "interests of public safety." So worried about safety were the Newport city fathers that they issued an edict prohibiting any rock at Wein's Newport Folk Festival last weekend. As it happens, no rock groups had been scheduled to appear, but Wein called off a pre-festival program that was to have been built around another hot new British combo, Blind Faith. "Rock is out," he said.

Understandably, rock festivals have their failings. Among them: poor sound and visibility; inadequate parking, housing, sanitation facilities, and a mind-boggling plethora of uneven talent, which is often the result of a booking agency's insistence that a promoter has to take three or four second-rate acts to get a good name group. This summer's disturbances, however, do not mean that there is something inherent in rock that automatically leads to rioting; too many kids have lived unrebillionably with today's pop sound for that to be true. Instead, the festivals seem to have become an experience akin to the spring vacations at Fort Lauderdale, where swarms of beery or pot-high youngsters congregate for a bash to remember. Says Ray Ripen, president of the Boston underground radio station WBCN: "A rock festival is like a football game now. It doesn't have anything to do with music any more. It's just a scene."

BEHAVIOR

THE SENSES

Please Do Touch the Daisies

Just past the portals of Gallery C, a wing of one of the fine-arts buildings at California State College in Long Beach, the visitor pushed through a many-layered curtain of black vinyl and entered a pitch-black world. His only guide was his sense of touch. Through tubes and rubbery barricades, up and down gradients, past something that felt like an oscillating fur muff, the visitor groped his way. Just before emerging again into the light, he was engulfed, not unpleasantly, by a water-filled plas-

touching everything out of sight. The experience opened his eyes to the sensations lying just beyond the fingertips, in a culture that has as one of its prominent commandments, "Don't touch."

Gallery C extended a warm, week-long invitation to ignore this mandate. From Paris, Sculptor Lygia Clark imported two powder-blue space suits of her own design. After a man and a woman entered the suits and Miss Clark sealed the sightless helmets, the occupants found that their only access to each other was through zippered pockets strategically located over the erogenous zones. When the man opened

Sept. 29, 1967). Esalen's associate Bernard Gunther was there to give the effort his wholehearted approval. "The increasing promiscuity and need for drugs are manifestations of touch hunger," he said. "We have lost our sensory innocence. You rarely touch somebody in this culture unless you want to make it with them." Nevertheless, Gunther insisted that touch does not necessarily have anything to do with sexuality.

The symposium neither proved nor disproved that. But it may have proved something. Midway through the week, the labyrinth had to be shut down for repairs. Now Gallery Director Carl Day, who built the maze with some of his students, understands why society is full of don't touch signs. "People sure do break things," he said. "This experience has taught me what a bull the human being really is."

THE FAMILY

Second Life for War Widows

The grief reaction to sudden death runs a predictable if painful course. After the loss, surviving family members may suffer from such psychosomatic complaints as gastrointestinal or respiratory problems. They are also likely to pass through a series of other disorders, from visions of the dead person to guilt feelings to hostility toward life itself. Psychologists who have studied grief recognize the importance of community support for bereaved persons. Sadly enough, even well-meaning family and friends are often unable to provide it—partly because of their own embarrassment over the subject of death.

The problem is posed by the Viet Nam war, which is creating thousands of widows who must grapple with grief. In an effort to help them, a Navy psychiatrist at Camp Pendleton, Calif., has set up a program that uses their common tragedy to turn them toward the future. A teacher of group therapy at U.C.L.A. before entering the service, Lieut. Commander Leonard Zunin launched "Operation Second Life" with the idea that the best help for widows can come from other widows. In a sense, he is simply employing the form of help more "primitive" societies take for granted: letting the bereaved relieve their grief by expressing it openly. Zunin sold the idea to his military superiors in the fearful jargon of his profession: "In a situation where commonality of loss of the husband is present, the group can be exceedingly supportive."

Running Away. After 18 months, most of the 30 war widows who have participated in the group sessions seem to agree: "Thank God for the whole thing," says Johanna Book, a striking blonde of 32. "I had been running away from my problems." The key to the group's therapeutic effect is the shift it encourages from widow to single woman. The process can take six months or more, and involves a gradual emancipation



COUPLE IN PLEASURE PIT



RUNNING THE MAZE

A little like taking your bed to bed.

tic mattress with a temperature about the same as his own.

The labyrinth was the main feature of what was billed as the First International Tactile Sculpture Symposium, which drew 15 artists, psychologists and teachers to discuss such things as the importance of touch to emotion and art. The exhibits were public. Reaction, as registered on questionnaires distributed at the entrance, may or may not have affirmed the symposium's point. "Fearful," read one response. "Sexy," read another. One young woman resurfaced from the darkness in the buff, clutching her garments. "It's too much of an experience in there," she said matter-of-factly. "I didn't understand why I was wearing these clothes."

Prominent Commandment. Convened by Dr. August F. Coppola, a professor of comparative literature at Cal State, the symposium was designed to demonstrate his conviction that "ours is a touch-starved society." Coppola reached this conclusion after spending ten days blindfolded, on a summer study grant,

one of her pockets, he felt a hairy male chest rather than a soft female bosom; the woman, in turn, reached out to touch a rubber breast. Somewhat south of these pockets were more impressive surprises.

San Francisco Designer C. Prior Hall arrived with the water-filled mattress. He calls it the Pleasure Pit, and passed out copy advertising its virtues. "It is a friend in love with you. Beckoning you to grovel in rapturous sensual splendor"—and so on, down to the punch line: "The Pleasure Pit is like taking your bed to bed with you."

Richard Register, a young California artist, exhibited his *PREFOITEMS*, short for pressure, form, temperature, electricity, movement and moisture—which are objects designed to be touched and felt. Since the hand can respond to all these sensations, says Register, why not give it the chance?

In a way, the symposium could be described as the first translation into software of the sensitivity training advocated by California's Esalen Institute (TIME,

from the first shock and later depression, self-recrimination, self-pity and feeling of helplessness. With the group serving as a sounding board, the widows—who are in different phases of "grief reaction"—first voice their pent-up feelings and then focus on the future.

Often the sessions are hard work. Mrs. Georgia Harris, whose husband had been a Navy pilot, was emotionally blocked until she participated in a 14-hour marathon session. "When I left it," she recalls, "I felt like somebody had just peeled all the skin off my body. Everything was open." No attempt is made to curtail or suppress normal mourning. As they progress, the widows begin to confront the emotionally exhausting problem of rebuilding their social and sexual lives. At first, most are unable to consider remarrying, but they eventually come to see themselves as available single women, although with special memories and, often, children.

At this point they find that society's attitude is ambivalent at best. As Zunin's assistant, Dr. Norman Barr, sums it up, "people want widows to marry, but not to date. They want them to be normal, proper women and go through the whole ritual again, but they're not supposed to have sex or pet or experience feelings meanwhile." As one woman admits, "I haven't really dealt with sex yet, but I have learned one thing. When you fight your feelings, that's when you're in trouble." So far, four of Zunin's widows have remarried.

Zuin stresses the normality of the grief cycle, and dislikes referring to his approach as "group therapy" since the widows are not sick in any pathological sense. He notes that military wives generally suffer through a shorter period of acute grief than other women because they "live with a sense of death." He hopes to see his technique used to help many more of the nearly 20,000 women widowed by the Viet Nam war.

ANTHROPOLOGY

The Original Affluent Society

Imagine a society in which the work week seldom exceeds 19 hours, material wealth is considered a burden, and no one is much richer than anyone else. The trespasser is unknown, there are no clear-cut property lines, merely undefined boundaries that stand open to visitors—who are welcomed with refreshment. Unemployment is high there, sometimes reaching 40%—not because the society is shiftless, but because it believes that only the able-bodied should work, and then no more than necessary. Food is abundant and easily gathered. The people are comfortable, peaceful, happy and secure.

This Elysian community actually exists. Its habitat is Africa's Kalahari Desert, a region so harsh and inhospitable that Western man would be hard put to eke out a living. But in that unforgiving neighborhood, the Bushmen,

a golden-skinned, short-statured and cheerful people, have been living contentedly for thousands of years as hunter-gatherers subsisting on what nature provides without resort to agriculture. In *Man the Hunter* (Aldine Publishing Co., \$6.95), a recent symposium of studies on primitive societies, Harvard Anthropologists Irven DeVore and Richard B. Lee note that "cultural Man has been on earth for some 2,000,000 years. For over 99% of this period he has lived as a hunter-gatherer. To date, the hunting way of life has been the most successful and persistent adaptation man has ever achieved."

Noble Savages. Until recently, anthropology accepted the myopic judgment of Philosopher Thomas Hobbes



DEVORE & BUSHMEN
Elysian fields in the desert.

that life in a state of nature was "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." Primitive peoples were construed as somewhat stupid living fossils, stalled in the path of progress. Today, though, experts seem more inclined to endorse Jean Jacques Rousseau's vision of the noble savage living in a Golden Age. And they go so far as to suggest that present civilization, despite its vast artistic and material advances, is in some ways no real improvement on the past. "It is still an open question whether man will be able to survive the exceedingly complex and unstable ecological conditions he has created for himself," write Lee and DeVore. "If he fails in this task, interplanetary archaeologists of the future will classify our planet as one in which a very long and stable period of small-scale hunting and gathering was followed by an apparently instantaneous efflorescence of technology and society leading rapidly to extinction."

During the period that ended about 10,000 years ago with the discovery of agriculture, all of the seeds of civiliza-

tion were sown. Out of the sharing and reciprocity demanded by the hunt, and out of the division of labor between male and female, arose the human family. The hunter's first symmetrical weapons were the antecedents of technology. By domesticating the dog for the chase, the hunter may have opened his eyes to the possibility of domesticating the prey. "Grinding and boiling may have been the necessary preconditions to the discovery of agriculture," write Anthropologists Sherwood L. Washburn and C. S. Lancaster of the University of California's Berkeley campus. "One can easily imagine that people who were grinding seeds would see repeated examples of seeds sprouting or being planted by accident."

From Tierra del Fuego to Hudson Bay, if the world's 3,000,000 surviving hunter-gatherers provide any clue, man's distant past probably was more placid and, in some ways, more rewarding than his present. In their hostile environment, the Kalahari Bushmen find enough to eat with less effort than most civilized peoples. Anthropologist Lee estimates that the Bushmen's daily diet averages 2,140 calories and 93.1 grams (3.26 oz.) of protein—well in excess of the estimated daily allowance for people of their vigor and size (1,975 calories, 60 grams of protein). The Bushmen have about the same proportion of people over 60 in their society as are found in Western nations.

"This was, when you come to think of it, the original affluent society," says University of Michigan Anthropologist Marshall D. Sahlins. He credits the hunter-gatherers with a Zen-like philosophy about scarcity and plenty. Implicitly, they accept as a fact of the human condition that "material ends are few and finite and technical means unchanging but on the whole adequate. Adopting the Zen strategy, a people can enjoy an unparalleled material plenty, though perhaps only a low standard of living."

End of Innocence. Happy, gentle and accepting, the hunter-gatherer asks of life only what it provides, and his manner of existence suggests that for uncounted thousands of years life provided more than enough. Unfortunately, the hunter-gatherer is doomed. Of the 45,000 Bushmen in the Kalahari, only 5,000 or so follow the ancient ways; and the number dwindles each year. Like many Eskimos, Australian aborigines and other surviving hunter-gatherers, the rest have attached themselves to the new ways of civilization.

By surveying this primordial and dying form of society, anthropologists hope to learn what the hunter-gatherer can tell of man's earliest history. Writes University of Chicago Anthropologist Sol Tax: "We should study the reasons for the persistence of these peoples in light of all the conditions militating against their persistence. I think that the case of the North American Indians is especially significant. They seem to be waiting for us to go away."

THE THEATER

The Czech Stage: Freedom's Last Barricade

Repressive Communism may once again be ascendant in Czechoslovakia, but there is one facet of Czech life where liberalism remains strong. TIME Correspondent Horace Judson spent a fortnight in Prague studying its burgeoning theater. His report:

IN Prague this spring, the opening night of Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance* brought unexpected and poignant audience involvement. Sophisticated Prague had thronged to the occasion—officials, diplomats, the liberal writers and intelligentsia. As they watched Albee's comedy of menace, laughter came in awkward places. For the Czechs, the plight of a suburban American family whose neighbors suddenly come to stay was transformed into an agonizing allegory of their national tragedy. When Harry and Edna arrogantly explain why they know their invasion is welcome, angry whispers swept the theater.

Albee's play has packed every performance since; it still touches off the same responses. To American eyes, the Czechs give Albee's Westchester an odd, Viennese aspect; the impression is compounded of walnut-and-fringed-lamps *Gemütlichkeit* and the beard of the leading actor, which makes him look exactly like Sigmund Freud. But the play in Prague compares well with productions elsewhere. It is done with

subtlety and panache as well as political relevance. These also happen to be the chief characteristics of Prague's extremely vital and varied theater.

Worldwide Repertory. For more than ten years, theater in Czechoslovakia has been a free-spoken forum for the forces of liberalization. Prague is a small city but it has 22 theaters playing more than 50 works in a repertory that makes not just Moscow but New York and London look provincial. The last month of the current season offered, in addition to *A Delicate Balance*, two other Albee plays, *The Zoo Story* and *Everything in the Garden*. Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, Tennessee Williams' *Kingdom on Earth*, and Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. There was *Anabaptist* and *King John* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, three Shakespeares, two Sartres, Sophocles' *Oedipus*, Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, Shaw's *Pygmalion*, a Renaissance knockabout by Niccolò Machiavelli, a late 19th century melodrama by French Primitive Painter Henri Rousseau, works by Wilde, Sheridan and Molière—besides three plays by Czech author Karel Capek and two carminative political satires by young Czech playwrights.

Even the slightest of the plays were produced with engaging theatricality, as in the swaggering bawdiness of the Dra-

ma Club's *Mandragora*, the Machiavelli farce. Czech acting at its frequent best combines an animal energy with the timing of aerial acrobats. Czechs make superb comedians, and have that highest comic skill—to slip with a flash of the eye into the tragic mask. Czech direction is passionately intelligent. In Architect Jovsel Svoboda, they have the most imaginative stage designer working anywhere today.

Perhaps the freshest play is *Plakovina*, by Milan Kundera, who is one of those fighting to keep the writers' union committed to the liberalization program of 1968. Kundera's novel of Czech Stalinism, *The Joke*, has the directness of a fist in the face; it has been made into a film shown at Cannes this year. *Plakovina* is a made-up word, literally "Birdbrick," meaning stupidity.

The play is a malicious sexual satire about a headmaster who seduces the mistress of the local political chairman. But Kundera gives the work countless double meanings aimed at conformists, informers, party bureaucracy and jargon, the security police and the Russian occupation. Played with snap and brass by a young experimental company, *Plakovina* keeps audiences constantly off balance with laughter. But the most resounding applause comes without a laugh when the headmaster tells his own fiancée that he hasn't the heart to be a hypocrite any longer; that "I've lost my second face." "Better find it again," she warns. "It'll serve to mask your rage."

A second directly political play is *The Jury*, by Ivan Klima, another steadfastly liberal author. He puts onstage the deliberations of five jurymen in a criminal case. Slowly it becomes clear that a sixth juror has already been taken away for asking too many questions. Suddenly the remaining five see the accused for the first time. He has already been beheaded. As the jurors continue their deliberations, they come to the conclusion that the defendant was innocent. The play ends with the juryman before the judge—where one after another they all vote "Guilty."

Plays like these are indirect in their message because they must be; yet at the same time they make far more vital theater than any straight anti-Communist polemic. In other responses to the Russians and to their native hard-liners, Czech directors have repeatedly put on Western plays with themes of conscience and freedom. They have reached back for historical plays that echo themes of patriotism, power and treachery. The most arresting of these is *King John*, in the recent adaptation by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, which turns Shakespeare's melodrama into a brutal and very moving confrontation of activist idealism with the chill realities. Suddenly, also, there is great theatrical interest in the Hussites. Several plays have been put on or are due next season about this Czech religious reform movement that was savagely suppressed from outside. Thus the creative variety and resource of Czech theater is its great-

DÜRRENMATT'S "THE ANABAPTIST"





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est strength—together with the sensitivity of Czech audiences to political innuendo in the most unlikely places.

Such sensitivity is evoked even by a production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. It is the only Russian play now running in Prague all others, as well as all those from the other four invading countries, vanished after the August 22 occupation. This *Three Sisters* has been conceived by the most powerful director in Czechoslovakia today, Otomar Krejča. He drives his Chekhov with a stringent pace, altogether against the languid convention, but with the curious effect of making the play's essential melancholia more sinister. "The times put ideology into every play one does," says Krejča. "The pain and skepticism of the three sisters our audiences feel as their pain."

Memories of Stalinism. How long the Czech theater will retain its excitement and freedom is a question. The Czechs remember, with increasing worry, the mid-'50s, when the iron rules of socialist realism decreed operettas about machine-tool plants with unintentionally hilarious arias about the deficit in the factory books. Yet the Czechs also remember, with hope, that the worst Stalinist repression of their theater lasted less than ten years. Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* was the last Western play to be put on in 1948, and in 1956, the year of Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin, it was Miller who opened up Western drama again—"on the pretext that *Death of a Salesman* was anti-capitalist," recalls one director. What Czech audiences took away with them was Miller's apotheosis of a simple man dehumanized in the service of faceless institutions. Capitalist or Communist.

At the same time, new writers began experimenting in new theaters. Václav Havel, one of the most fearless Czech playwrights, recalls how the new move-

ment began. "We started in small rooms, with no recognition. At first it was half cabaret. The plays were no more than a libretto for director and actor. They might not have been directly political, but they confronted everyday realities and were a manifestation of freedom where there was no freedom. The unity of text, acting, directing, atmosphere and audience made a synthesis we can't recapture just by reading the plays now." Havel's best-known play, *The Memorandum*, throws bombs of anarchic humor at party newspeak.

The theater is seen as one of the few surviving areas of genuine freedom. Censorship has become severe for press and TV. Each day's *Rudé Právo* carries new pronouncements about how writers must huck the party line. "But nothing has been censored on the stage—yet," says František Pavlíček, general director of the Theater in the Vineyard. Pavlíček himself, who has been working for liberalization of theater since the mid-50s, is now writing a historical play about the struggle of the Czech nation for independence in the 13th century. Everyone expects a crack-down soon, but until the censor arrives, the Czechs are determined to make the most of their freedom of the stage. "Although conditions now revert to what they were before Dubček," says Václav Havel, "only the face of power is the same, for the minds of the people are different." Recently, Havel visited the steel mills in Ostrava, talking to the unions there about the cooperation of workers and intellectuals in defense of the freedoms gained in 1968. The meeting was banned by the police and locked out by management, but was held anyway out of doors. Afterward, Havel spoke with smaller groups of students as well. "They haven't arrested me—not yet," he says. "As long as I am invited to these meetings, I will go."



MILAN KUNDERA
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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Crumbling Foundation

Until the 1960s, *Philadelphia* was a municipal magazine that never ventured much beyond chamber of commerce puffs. Since then it has developed a talent for muckraking and a willingness to take on just about anyone—even so unlikely a figure as Pearl Buck. There she was, some days ago, a silver-haired, 77-year-old Nobel- and Pulitzer-prize-winning author, meeting the press to try to cover up for a colleague. He had been accused, in *Philadelphia's* pages, of mishandling charitable funds and making homosexual advances to the Korean boys he was supposed to be helping. "A bunch of downright lies," said Miss Buck gamely, but Theodore Findley Harris, 38, had already resigned as president and executive director of the Pearl S. Buck Foundation.

The foundation was set up in 1964 to help Amerasian children in Korea, where youngsters fathered by U.S. soldiers are spat upon for their half-caste status. In April of this year, *Philadelphia's* Reporter-Writer Greg Walter listened to tapes a local radio station had made (but had never used) in which four Korean boys described unwilling homosexual contact with Harris. He then began digging. He traveled across the U.S., talking to former and current foundation employees, to board members and benefactors, to the young men on the tapes, to Miss Buck herself. Harris repeatedly refused to see him.

Daimler and Sapphires. As Walter tells it, Harris was a dancing instructor who, in 1963, wanted to be just a gigolo and began ingratiating himself into the comfortable Bucks County life of Pearl Buck. He fawned, she loved it; together they wrote a mawkish book (*For Spacious Skies*) about finding one another. A year later, she made him president of the new foundation. He left his dance-studio job and moved into (rent free) the organization's elegant town house in Philadelphia's Delancey Place. Soon, writes Walter, Harris had collected "several thousand dollars worth" of suits, jewelry (he went for diamond and sapphire rings), an expensive Daimler automobile, credit cards, exotic birds, camera equipment. The Buck name drew well, and by 1965 the board of governors included Art Buchwald, Sargent Shriver and Mrs. William Scranton. The foundation prospered.

But there still was no effective machinery in Korea. Harris eventually got around to appointing an overseer there; he was the first in a long line of "permanent representatives," all of whom, says Walter, have complained about the lack of money and direction from Delancey Place. But there has always been money to spruce things up just before Miss Buck arrives. Once, at the foundation's center at Sosa, Korea, \$5,000

went into hurry-up redecorations, although there apparently was not enough to put up a fence around a small pond on the property. One evening during the Statesiders' visit, the body of a four-year-old was found floating in it.

Harris' behavior was erratic. He threw public tantrums and offended potential patrons in their own houses. One friend called him "a Svengali," but Miss Buck was firm: Harris acted as he did because he was "very brilliant, very high-strung and artistic."

Harris periodically brought Amerasians to the U.S. under various found-



PEARL BUCK & THEODORE HARRIS (1965)
Svengali in Bucks County.

dation study programs. There was difficulty in getting one. Bob Park, out of Korea because he was of draft age. But Harris found him so attractive that he had Miss Buck pull strings. Park, now a student at the University of Arizona, remembers: "One night on the way to America he asked me about my father and I began to cry; he kissed me on the neck. When I would go to bed he would hold me in his arms. I did not like, but I thought this is the way American father treat his son."

Recently, Park and some of the other boys complained about Harris' conduct, and the foundation responded—by withdrawing its support of Park and two others. One concerned board member had asked an auditing firm to look into things, but that is no longer necessary: the Pennsylvania attorney general's office has demanded a report on

the organization's finances and activities before deciding whether to renew its permit to solicit funds in the state.

The Harris article indicates the direction *Philadelphia* has taken since D. Herbert Lipson became publisher in 1961. "To make an impact as a city monthly magazine, you have to do hand springs," Lipson says. He has published provocative pieces on the city's clip joints and ghettos; *Philadelphia Inquirer* muckraker Harry Karafin was exposed for taking hush money from outfits he should have been attacking (*TIME*, April 21, 1967). Just after he was named ambassador to England, Walter Annenberg, former editor and publisher of the *Inquirer*, was the subject of a highly unsympathetic portrait. Some find the magazine scurrilous, but it has won reporting awards, and circulation has quadrupled since 1960: it is now 62,000. Editor Alan Halpern says *Philadelphia*, with a staff of 36, earns over \$1,000,000 a year.

Walter, who collaborated on the Karafin exposé, once attended a writers' workshop run by Miss Buck. For his recent article he interviewed her twice. The first session was easygoing and pleasant, but then Walter began to probe. "She told me I was vile. She said she was ashamed of me, that I had been her favorite pupil, but that now she was terribly disappointed in me."

EDITORS

Nasser's Pal

In the censor-dominated world of Arab journalism, there are some things one just does not do. Like dismissing Nasser's Arab Socialist Union as a "do-nothing organization," or belittling Arab commandos for shedding "more ink than blood," or ridiculing Egyptian "diplomats who are doing nothing but buying cars, or ties and perfume from Paris." One man not only writes such things but also gets away with it. In addition to being editor and voice of Egypt's biggest and most authoritative newspaper, *Al Ahrām* (The Pyramids), Mohammed Hassanien Heikal happens to be Nasser's closest confidant, adviser and friend.

Ease Off. His intimacy is such that he can blithely rifle through the "In" box in Nasser's office. A word from him, and a journalist or foreign businessman gets an interview with the U.A.R. President. When a research employee was jailed for reporting critically on Egypt's economy, Heikal not only got the man freed and the report released but also forced Intelligence Chief Amin Huweidi to write a letter-to-the-editor explaining why he had tried to suppress the report in the first place. Lamented Huweidi later: "Centers of power are supposed to have been abolished, but one big power center obviously remains." Even Heikal's detractors readily concede that next to Nasser himself, Heikal is the most powerful man in Egypt today.

Though Heikal's influence derives di-

rectly from his intimacy with Nasser, it is amplified by his weekly article in the Friday (Sabbath) edition of *Al Ahrām*. The night it goes to press, more than a dozen embassy chauffeurs wait until the first copies are printed, and then speed back to their offices for immediate translation. *Al Ahrām*'s Friday circulation jumps by a third and wire services rush out stories on what Heikal has written, knowing it to be an accurate reflection of Nasser's thinking.

Since the Six-Day War, Heikal's discursive prose (two columns on Page One and a full page inside) has dealt primarily with what in Egypt is known as "the Setback." Last April, Heikal managed to offend just about everyone from the Pentagon to *Pravda* when he advocated "a battle to shatter the myth of Israeli military supremacy... one in which the Arab forces might destroy two or three Israeli divisions, kill between 10,000 and 20,000 men, and force the Israeli army to pull back even a few kilometers." When a barrage of public and private entreaties followed, Nasser reportedly pressed the ward to his friend to ease off, and "the battle" has not been mentioned seriously since.

What About Farouk? In his column last week in fact, Heikal contended that "those who called for an immediate military solution through war realize that after two years this challenge is larger than they had imagined." As for a peaceful solution, its "exponents find themselves face to face with the inevitability of the need to struggle." His conclusion (undoubtedly cleared with Nasser) is a study in hard-line ambiguity: "Force is the only way, and force is a long and hard course of many stages and various methods."

Chunky, 5 ft. 9 in. and dark, Heikal displays a thorough but careful command of English, flashing his near-perfect white teeth and waving his omnipresent Havana cigar. He was born 45 years ago in a small village near Cairo, and made his reputation as a war correspondent in 1948 in Palestine, where he first met Captain Gamal Abdel Nasser. By 1952 they had become fast friends. Just before the revolution, Nasser pointedly asked him what he thought should be done about the Farouk regime. "I knew then," Heikal says, "that something was afoot and that they had confidence in me."

The day the revolution began in July of 1952, Heikal was with the leaders. "I drove [General Mohammed] Naguib to his command post," he told TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs. "Nasser was there. They had control of Cairo but were worrying about the rest of the country. It was a busy and exciting night." He has been Nasser's all but official press spokesman ever since.

Recognizing Heikal's influence, the controlling family of the highly influential but nearly bankrupt *Al Ahrām* approached him in 1956 with an offer to run the paper. Within two years, with Nasser's support, he had put it in the

black. Today its circulation approaches half a million and its plant is as luxurious and modern as any in the world, with British presses, West German engraving equipment, and a U.S. computer system that sets Arabic type by means of punched tape.

When a law was passed in 1960 putting papers under the jurisdiction of the Arab Socialist Union (Egypt's only political party), Heikal went straight to Nasser: "I got his assurance that, if we could grow, make money and not compromise the revolution, there would be no problem." Rarely has there been.

Nasser backs Heikal not only because they are friends but because the editor is also extremely useful to him. Even Heikal's occasional criticism of the regime—always within safe bounds—is of advantage to Nasser. It acts as



NASSER & HEIKAL
Through the presidential "in" box.

a safety valve for popular grievances. Nasser himself has even planted criticisms of this or that functionary or institution with Heikal, then taken action under the guise of bowing to popular will. Heikal puts his influence to good use, battling the bureaucrats and campaigning for a freer press and civil liberties in a country that often views such activities as subversive.

At the end of his ten-hour work day, Heikal heads home to a luxurious Cairo apartment to relax with his wife and three sons. His very presence makes the apartment building a coveted address because, says a Cairo diplomat, "everything works—or else." His comfortable existence is marred only by a thin shadow of danger. His outspokenness (some call it arrogance) has earned him enemies, and his survival—like his power—rests with a single man. "If Nasser ever goes," says one well-placed Egyptian, "Heikal had better be on the next plane out of the country."

MILESTONES

Born. To Mario Andretti, 29, the diminutive auto-racing ace, record-breaking (156.867-m.p.h. average) winner of this year's Indianapolis 500, and Dee Ann Andretti, 27, his wife of seven years; their third child, first daughter; in Bethlehem, Pa.

Married. Zubin Mehta, 33, galvanic, Indian-born conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, whose piercing eyes, tousled hair and magnetic personality have made him a favorite with women; and Nancy Kovack, a former aide to Dave Garraway on the *Today* show and 1968-69 Emmy Award nominee for her performance on the TV series *Mannix*; he for the second time; in a Methodist service followed by a Zoroastrian ceremony; in Los Angeles.

Married. Alec Waugh, 71, British novelist, biographer and world traveler, who for years labored in the shadow of young brother Evelyn, finally achieved fame and fortune of his own with the 1956 publication of the bestselling *Island in the Sun*; and Virginia Sorensen, 57, U.S. author of children's books (*Curious Misse*, *Plann Gurl*, *Miracles on Maple Hill*); he for the third time, she for the second; in a short civil ceremony; in Gibraltar.

Divorced. Lieut. Colonel Donn Eisele, 39, navigator on last October's Apollo 7 flight; by Harriet Eisele, 38; on uncontested grounds of mental cruelty; after 16 years of marriage, three children; in Houston.

Died. Morris ("Whitey") Bimstein, 72, one of prizefighting's great trainers and "cutmen," who in his 50 years in the corner attended the lacerations and bruises of such champions as Gene Tunney, James J. Braddock and Ingemar Johansson; in New York City. There were few who could match Whitey's wizardry with swabs, antiseptics and astringent lotions in the 60 seconds between rounds, as in 1947 when he saved Rocky Graziano from almost certain defeat at the hands of Tony Zale by patching a third-round eye cut that threatened to end the fight.

Died. Júlio de Mesquita Filho, 77, Brazilian publisher, head of *O Estado de São Paulo*, one of South America's most influential and respected dailies; of pneumonia; in São Paulo. All through the 1930s Mesquita fought the demagoguery, corruption and censorship of Dictator Getúlio Vargas and was one of the forces that eventually brought his overthrow in 1945. In 1964, Mesquita lent his powerful support to the coup that ousted leftist President João Goulart, but later grew disenchanted with the military dictatorship that resulted, and rejoined the battle for a free press and democratic elections.

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John R. Beckett
Chairman of the Board
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MEDICINE

THE FDA

Cleaning Out the Medicine Chest

In 1962, Congress gave the U.S. Food and Drug Administration a franchise to rule on the efficacy as well as the safety of all new drugs offered for licensing. The lawmakers also invited the FDA to tackle a forbidding and involved cleanup job. From 1938 to 1962, some 7,000 new drugs had been marketed and during that period the FDA had final say on their safety but not their efficacy. The assignment from Capitol Hill was to recheck all of the drugs to determine whether they worked as advertised.

On the Shelves. Lacking the staff for that mammoth task, FDA called on the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council for help. Through its Division of Medical Sciences, the NAS-NRC enlisted no fewer than 180 of the nation's top research physicians and divided them into 30 panels of six members each. It took five panels to sift the anti-infection agents alone. Dermatological drugs required another three panels, and drugs for the treatment of heart diseases two.

Although many drugs had disappeared from the market over the years through competitive attrition, the researchers found that they had to evaluate 4,000 dosage forms of 2,824 preparations containing 300 basic chemicals. Only 15% of the products were over-the-counter items; the rest were prescription drugs.

This month FDA released the panels' findings. The most striking conclusion was that about 7% of the products studied, or almost 300 drugs, are not effective for any of the uses suggested by the manufacturers in their adver-

tising. Others are effective only for certain suggested uses. Since efficacy must be established beyond reasonable doubt under the 1962 law, the result of these findings will be to sweep scores of familiar products from druggists' shelves. Hundreds of others will have to be re-labeled, with fewer, less provocative and appealing claims.

Pleasant Flavor. First to go from the drugstores, and already decertified by the FDA, are many of the "combination drugs," so called because they contain two antibiotics, or an antibiotic and one of the sulfa drugs. In all, 48 combinations, made by 19 different manufacturers (including eight of the biggest in the U.S.), were decertified. These 48 happen to be minor items in the prescription trade, so their makers are not likely to put up much of a fight for them. Some contain streptomycin, which may cause deafness, especially in children, and so should never be used unless it is the only drug that will kill the particular microbes involved. Others contain penicillin, which can cause a sensitivity shock reaction. The sulfa components are less risky, but can also cause dangerous reactions when not administered properly.

Explaining the agency's objection to any combination of antibacterial drugs, Commissioner Herbert L. Ley Jr. says: "The use of two or more active ingredients in treating any patient who can be cured by one is irrational. It exposes the patient to an unnecessary risk. Antibiotics should be used like a rifle, not like a shotgun."

Also under severe criticism from the experts, though not yet the targets for FDA regulatory action, are medicated mouthwashes. The panel on drugs used in dentistry found that mouthwashes are generally about as effective as a solution of common salt or even plain water. It suggested that the makers be required to drop claims that their products control breath odor, relieve throat pain or reduce the number of bacteria in the mouth. The washes should be allowed on the market, the panel said, only if they are advertised as "pleasantly flavored solutions."

Sales v. Safety. Panel after panel found that both manufacturers' claims for drugs and the doses prescribed by doctors are based largely on unquestioned assumptions. This is true not only of relatively new products, such as the cortisone group of hormones, but even of digitalis, the oldest and most effective medicine for the most common forms of heart disease. In most cases, the FDA will proceed slowly and cautiously, figuring that it may be wiser to leave a product on the market until its efficacy is definitely disproved by the panel.

In two cases in which FDA has taken decisive action, it has run into strong op-



FDA'S LEY

Like a rifle, not a shotgun.

position. The agency is trying to remove from the market 1) a combination of two antibiotics, tetracycline and novobiocin, marketed by the Upjohn Co. as Panalba, and 2) a combination of tetracycline with an antifungal agent, sold as Mystecin-F (E. R. Squibb & Sons), Declostatin (Lederle Laboratories) and Tettrastatin (J. B. Roerig division of Chas. Pfizer & Co. Inc.). Upjohn has already taken its case to the courts, and the other firms may do so as well. Both drugs are widely prescribed items, ringing up tens of millions in annual sales. Panalba and related formulations earned \$23 million last year, almost one-sixth of Upjohn's total sales. With that much money at stake, the FDA will have to battle for what it believes to be patients' interests. Ley, who succeeded James L. ("Go-Go") Goddard as commissioner a year ago, has made it clear that he will not shrink from the fight.

In a recent speech, Ley warned the drugmakers: "I feel very strongly that you are in grave danger of losing public confidence. Unless there is a major change in the drug industry's emphasis on sales over safety, the industry as we know it today may well be buried in the next several years in a grave that it has helped to dig, inch by inch, over-promotion by over-promotion, bad drug by bad drug."

DRUGS

Is the Pot User Driven— Or in the Driver's Seat?

Drug users insist that marijuana, amphetamines, LSD and other psychedelic agents give them pleasure, a euphoric "high" and a marvelous expansion of consciousness. A growing body of medical data suggests that they are kidding themselves on all these counts. Psychiatrists and psychologists are coming to the conclusion that potheads



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Last March, the National Alliance of Businessmen was formed to work with the Government on a problem of critical national importance. The Program: J O B S (Job Opportunities in the Business Sector). The Task: to hire, train and retain the nation's hard-core unemployed. To find and fill 100,000 jobs by July 1969; 500,000 by 1971.

They are being hired.

The first year's goal has been reached seven months ahead of schedule! In the nation's fifty largest cities J O B S is progressing at the rate of 20,000 placements per month—*over double the anticipated rate*. At the end of December, 100,000 hard-core workers

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contracts with the Department of Labor.

They are being retained.

Two out of every three hard-core workers have remained on the job... better than the normal rate for all entry-level jobs.

Based on this high job retention level and upon the success of the training programs, *97% of employers surveyed said they will continue hiring the hard-core.* They maintain that the J O B S Program is "the most practical way to solve the problem of the hard-core unemployed."

J O B S is still urgent business!

Success to-date has been extremely encouraging. But thousands of the hard-core are still waiting...waiting for the chance to

develop their abilities; waiting to fill industry's growing need for skilled workers.

Special training funds continue to be available through MA-4 contracts with the Department of Labor. Call the National Alliance of Businessmen office in your city for complete details.

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It would be bad enough if drunk drivers only killed themselves.

But the worst part is the sobering fact that they take thousands of innocent people along with them.

Of the 56,000 deaths on our highways last year, nearly half were caused by drunk drivers. Drunk drivers who smashed themselves into trees, houses and other drivers. Other innocent drivers and their families.

The elimination of dangerous drunks from our roads is one of the top priorities of the National Highway Safety Bureau's sixteen-step safety plan.

To implement this step, the Highway Safety Bureau has furnished a standard to help state law enforcement officials determine which drivers are "legally drunk." Some states have already initiated this standard, which establishes a blood alcohol concentration of .10% as "legally drunk."



The Safety Bureau further proposes that each state pass laws requiring suspected drunk drivers to submit to clinical tests to establish whether or not they are drunk.

We at State Farm strongly support all sixteen steps of the National Highway Safety Bureau's program. We urge you to support them, too.

Especially this effort to get drunk drivers off our highways.

And keep their license to drive from becoming their license to kill.

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and acidheads do not turn on simply for pleasure and thrills, but in a futile attempt to escape profound depression; that if they get high, it is only in an ecstatic defense; and that they do not wind up with an expanded consciousness but with a decidedly contracted one.

Collective Narcissism. In a report to the American Medical Association's convention held in midtown Manhattan last week, Psychologist Anthony F. Philip of Manhattan's Columbia College emphasized that such judgments do not necessarily apply to the thrill-seeking experimenter who smokes a couple of reeferers, or even the occasional, "recreational" user. But they do apply, he said, to regular users. The anarchic anti-establishment attitude of these "pot lusers," Philip added, stems from an "intolerable, chronic, low-grade depression, including 1) a subjective sense that somehow they have been cheated by life in general and by their parents in particular, and 2) a smoldering, tense, brooding sort of resentment."

Philip noted that the majority of heavy users seem to have an excessive share of the narcissism generally equated with adolescents. In fact, their pot parties represent a sort of collective, community narcissism. "They congregate in groups to smoke pot, but as soon as they 'turn on' and are 'stoned,' each is alone, absorbed with himself." While they talk about freedom of expression and new avenues of self-discovery, Philip found, in most of the cases he has seen at Columbia University, "the student appears to be driven by motivations beyond his conscious awareness and control. The subjective sense of freedom is illusory; the student is being driven rather than being in the driver's seat himself."

Though the drug user may claim that his trip brings intense euphoria and a matchless sense of well-being, Philip believes that he is not achieving genuine pleasure but merely canceling out an underlying depression and boredom. Moreover, Philip contends, the habitual user becomes so preoccupied with the drug mystique and the subculture attending it that the effect is a narrowing of consciousness and a focusing of attention upon the drug world instead of the real one. This type of user may claim that he becomes more creative, but actually he becomes less productive, focusing entirely upon the present and ignoring future goals.

Do some young people turn to marijuana and other psychedelics because they are already inclined to be idle, dreamy drifters? Or do they get that way because of their drug experiences? Philip side-stepped that chicken-and-egg controversy. But he suggested that in at least some cases, the regular use of marijuana may be followed by an "amotivational syndrome" marked by apathy and a disinclination to concentrate or to follow through on long-term plans.

Penalties and Programs

While the A.M.A. was staging its medical symposium on marijuana, President Nixon announced a national drive against narcotics and other drugs rated dangerous. Nixon asked Congress to impose stiff penalties for violations, and to make federal drug-abuse law more consistent. Now the penalty for sale of marijuana is two to ten years in prison for a first offender, while sale of the far more dangerous LSD carries only a maximum one-year term. The Administration asked Congress to set from five to 20 years as the penalty for sale of both drugs. It will also propose a uniform law for the 50 states.

The mere possession of marijuana is not presently a federal offense. Nixon would remedy that by making it a federal offense to possess or transfer marijuana without a state license—which is unobtainable.

Many medical and legal authorities had hoped that the marijuana penalties would be reduced for two reasons: 1) they are so harsh as to make the law unenforceable, and 2) there is still no conclusive proof that the drug is harmful. The professionals were disappointed. The only softening of the penal code proposed by the Administration was to give federal judges the option of putting a first offender on probation, after which, in case of good behavior, his record could be expunged.

Forbidden Fruit. Psychiatrists and other physicians who favor a different approach consider attempts to enforce prohibition of marijuana to be self-defeating. Such efforts, they argue, give the drug the appeal of forbidden fruit. They believe, moreover, that the imposition of penalties for possession, or even use, makes criminals of ordinary young people who are carried away by a simple urge for experimentation. These are moderate reformers, who do not advocate abolition of laws against importation or sale of marijuana, and who offer no defense whatever for LSD or other "hard" drugs.

The Administration's educational program also evoked some doubts. Nixon said he had directed three Government agencies "to compile a balanced and objective educational program to bring the facts to every American—especially our young people." But in light of the generation gap in attitudes toward drugs, preachments from elders are likely to have little effect upon youth. On one issue, however, the President might have been speaking for his professional critics: "Proper evaluation and solution of the drug problem has been severely handicapped by a dearth of scientific information—and the prevalence of ignorance and misinformation." To gain the necessary new knowledge, the President said he had directed the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to expand its research efforts. That was clearly a desirable, although still tentative, first step.

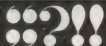
Doctors Find Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching,
Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H*—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.



Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of the news each week. Find out what they mean in TIME.

COOK'S
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STILL ONLY 75¢ PER \$100
WHY PAY MORE?

Volunteer to be a
BIG BROTHER
It takes a man to help a boy



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DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Catching the late show, Doctor?

Indeed, one of the latest shows! For this young doctor-to-be is studying childhood epilepsy via closed circuit TV.

Minutes ago, she telephoned the school's visual education center to put on this split-screen tape. Now she watches the little patient's subtly changing expressions, while at the same instant, she sees four moving pens trace an electroencephalogram of the child's brain waves.

Until now, she'd have been fortunate to get a close up look at even one such real-life case. Today, she can study

the symptoms over and over. One more way to pack a growing body of medical knowledge into a doctor's ten or more years of costly, rigorous study and training.

You'll find equally advanced techniques speed A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. But even so, it may take years of costly experiments to create a single new and better medicine to help your doctors of today and tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Making today's medicines with integrity seeking tomorrow's with persistence.

A·H·ROBINS

BUSINESS

THE HAMMERING HEADACHE OF HOME REPAIRS

AS housing prices climb and mortgage loans become costlier and scarcer, more and more people find themselves forced to stay in older houses for longer than they would like. Sooner rather than later, pipes crack, paint peels—and homeowners have to face up to the often traumatic experience of calling in that new aristocrat of the U.S. labor force, the repairman.

Accelerating demand for the repairman's services has turned him into a big businessman: estimates of his yearly volume range up to \$12 billion. His business is also the leader in consumer complaints, which are climbing almost as rapidly as the wages of carpenters, plumbers, glaziers and electricians. Typically, the Chicago Better Business Bureau last year counted 2,178 protests against the performance of home remodelers, substantially more than the number of gripes registered against the runner-up, the auto-repair business. Home repair is characterized by maddening delays, shoddy workmanship and startling expense.

To induce a contractor even to come to the house is difficult; if the job involves less than \$500, it may be impossible. A Northbrook, Ill., woman who wanted to have the trim and eaves of her brick ranch house painted, called more than a dozen contractors but failed to get so much as an estimate from any of them. A Houston homeowner who accepted a repairman's offer to re-roof his house says "He showed up two weeks late and immediately demanded an additional \$200 for materials. He abandoned us three times, and I had to call and raise hell each time to get him back. After he left, we found the roof leaked, and it cost us another \$250 to get it fixed right."

At Their Mercy. Complaining consumers are the victims of a classic economy of scarcity, which enables contractors and repairmen to charge what they please and get away with it. The need for their services is enormous because few homeowners can perform any complex repair jobs themselves. Construction unions make sure that wages stay high by keeping the supply of craftsmen inadequate to meet the demand. In the Oakland, Calif., area, the number of union plumbers, currently 900, is actually shrinking because the union is training only ten apprentices this year. Anachronistic spread-the-work rules prevent the most efficient use of the men who are available. An Oakland contractor who is a master plumber, for example, is forbidden to work more than four hours on any one job himself. He must leave the rest of the work to less-expert hired hands.

The labor shortage enables individual repairmen to charge high hourly rates

not only for the time they spend working. The \$9-an-hour rate quoted by many an independent plumber applies from the time that he answers a homeowner's phone call to the time he returns to his own house after finishing the work. Contractors often charge the homeowner twice as much for hourly labor as they actually pay their workers in wages. They can do so because in many towns the relatively few contractors who can sign up scarce union help are in a near-monopoly position.

In Chicago, a homeowner may pay the main contractor on a remodeling job \$15 an hour for a carpenter whose wages are

JOE DELANEY



ADKISON & DeMEO IN COMPANY SAUNA

Shoddy workmanship, startling expense

INSPECTOR CHECKING IN SAN FRANCISCO

\$6.05 an hour. The difference is made up by fringe benefits, payments to subcontractors—and a 50% to 60% markup that covers the contractor's overhead and profits. In addition, contractors usually buy pipe, lumber and other materials at discounts, but charge the homeowner the standard price plus "delivery costs." The markup over the contractor's price ranges from at least 10% in Chicago to 30% in Miami.

Trusting to Luck. So much money is involved that ambitious contractors can quickly build substantial businesses. Chicago's Tony La Pelusa, for example, started a tiny contracting firm at the age of 19. He picked a specialty—installation of aluminum siding, windows and eaves—and advertised heavily. Today, at 26, he owns three trucks, employs eight workers and farms out work to subcontractors. Vincent Bards, 40, a former salesman, has built a bigger Chicago business by coordinating the work

of 36 subcontractors. His firm has booked \$750,000 worth of business so far this year. For some other contractors, repair and remodeling work have served as the launching pad into house-construction. William Adkison and Ralph DeMeco, a couple of Florida carpenters who were earning \$2.83 an hour a decade ago, joined to start ADH Construction Co. The firm did extensive remodeling work, earned enough to begin building apartment houses. It recently moved into a Taj Mahal-like building, which has a steam room, sauna, exercise room and bar.

The man who recently paying the high

CHRISTOPHER J. HANSEN, JEWELERS



price of home repairs has few alternatives. Some save by acting as their own contractors, buying materials at the contractor's discount and employing moonlighting carpenters and electricians. The moonlighters generally charge only their actual wage rate, plus perhaps a dollar an hour. But few homeowners are able to estimate the quantity, sizes and types of materials that a job may require, even fewer know enough to supervise and coordinate the work of the craftsmen. It would take an expert to tell the good workmen from the many others who produce most of the grumbling about warping walls, quick-cracking concrete and misconnected electric lines. A homeowner can weed out the worst contractors by consulting his local Better Business Bureau, and the BBB can sometimes prod a contractor to correct faulty work. Most of the time, however, the harried homeowner must trust to hunch—and luck.

COMMUNICATIONS

PL 8-6200, Where Are You?

As one of the nation's largest advertising agencies, Benton & Bowles normally turns its hand to things that are new or improved, whiter or brighter. But last week, in a pained full-page ad in the New York Times, the agency felt compelled to accentuate the abominable. The headline, over a list of Benton & Bowles' 801 Manhattan staffers, announced that "These are the people you haven't been able to reach at PLaza 8-6200." The ad went on to explain sarcastically that there had been "a little phone trouble," and concluded with an appeal to "keep those cards and letters coming, folks."

The broadside was aimed at the New York Telephone Co., one of the biggest of the Bell System. Benton & Bowles staffers have been struggling for five weeks with a near blackout of communications. Callers trying to reach the agency have encountered crackling static, interminable busy signals, voices that faded away strangely, and occasionally dead silence. "Not only were people unable to get us," says B. & B. Chairman Ted Steele,* "but there were gremlins in the outgoing system too." The troubles began when the agency moved to new quarters in Manhattan covered by the PLaza 8 exchange. It is the first of the city's three fully computerized exchanges—and one of its most overloaded. PLaza 8 machinery gagged on B. & B.'s volume of 10,000 calls a day. Steele's patience broke when he discovered that a major advertiser whose account was up for bids had been unable to reach the agency for nearly two days.

Benton & Bowles has company. Koh-

* Who last week also resigned his agency's Kent and Century brand cigarette accounts, saying that, in view of the health controversy, "We would just feel more comfortable getting out of the business."



TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN MANHATTAN

Accentuate the abominable.

ler Advertising, for example, protested that its service has been sporadic for six weeks; the agency is demanding "reparations" for a \$15,000 account that it claims it lost as a result. Bess Myerson Grant, New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, has gone farther. She has demanded a rate cut and a \$100 million refund for phone subscribers.

Massachusetts' Public Utilities Commission is equally indignant. Last week it put off an 11% rate increase, which New England Telephone & Telegraph had requested only days after the commission ordered it to clear up a long list of "unjust, unreasonable, unsafe, improper and inadequate" practices. In a hearing that piled up 607 pages of testimony, the commission heard stories of billing errors, "false" busy signals (which occur when circuits are overloaded), baffling difficulties in making long-distance calls and unreasonable installation delays.

Unhappy Planning. Though U.S. phone service is still excellent when compared with most of the rest of the world, it is deteriorating noticeably in many areas. The problems extend as far west as California, but most are concentrated in the densely populated Eastern U.S. In Boston, New England Telephone says that it is still suffering from the effects of a four-month strike of equipment installers last summer. New York Tel also had a strike, and its woes have been compounded by some unhappy financial planning. In 1968, the company held down capital spending and maintenance in anticipation of a slowing in the U.S. economy. Business soared, however, particularly in the mid-Manhattan and Wall Street areas. The high volume of stock trading caused acute phone-service hardships on two overburdened downtown exchanges (Dlgbay 4, Hanover 5), much to the consternation of brokers.

New York Tel is in the midst of a "crash program" to increase capacity. Its maintenance spending will rise from last year's \$293 million to \$343 million, and it is now installing 33,000 phones a month in the New York City area, up from 20,000 in 1967. As for Benton & Bowles, its problems persist. Last week the agency discovered that its listing was inadvertently left out of the new phone books. New York Tel promised to insert the listing in the last half of the press run, and to make sure that the early books are distributed to Manhattan's outlying areas where few subscribers are likely to feel a need to call an ad agency.

ITALY

The Subsidiary That Rebelled

U.S. companies that venture abroad know that they must be ready to deal with all manner of complications involving local pride and pocketbooks. Still, there are few precedents for the problems faced by Arthur G. McKee & Co., a Cleveland engineering firm that does a \$154 million-a-year business



EMPLOYEES' PROTEST SIGNS AT CTIP IN ROME
Agitation by the assets.

designing and building industrial plants around the world. Independence-minded employees of the company's subsidiary in Rome, Compagnia Tecnica Industrie Petroli (CTIP), are staging an outright corporate rebellion.

Where the Brains Are. CTIP is McKee's European foothold and a sizable operator in its own right. The firm has orders on its books for refineries and petrochemical plants worth \$100 million. Last March, only one month after McKee appointed him joint managing director, CTIP's Gian Vittorio Cavanna started secret negotiations with Technip, a French government-owned engineering firm. Without telling McKee, Cavanna signed a general agreement calling for a reshuffling of CTIP ownership among Technip, McKee and Italian companies. The idea was that divided leadership would enable CTIP employees to run their company themselves, rather than let tight control remain with the parent organization in the U.S. Despite the threat of a costly walkout, CTIP's McKee-controlled executive committee fired Cavanna and two of his collaborators. This month CTIP's 850 Rome employees went on strike. A group of militant strikers have taken over CTIP's modern six-story headquarters, which they promise to hold indefinitely. Said the rebels' placards: "Let the profits go where the brains are."

McKee's executives were flabbergasted. When the company bought a 94% interest in CTIP three years ago—for \$1.5 million in stock and cash—the Italian firm was in shaky condition as a result of an unprofitable project in Egypt. Since then CTIP's net worth has risen 450%, to \$5,000,000. It has won important new business in Latin America, Spain and Scandinavia, and added Gulf and British Petroleum as major clients.

Among other things, CTIP strikers demand Italian (or at least European) managerial control, a 30% salary increase, employee profit-sharing and employee participation in company decisions. They

have brought in CISL, Italy's powerful Christian Democratic trade union, to represent them, while McKee has the backing of Italy's Confederation of Italian Industry. Somehow, McKee President Merrill Cox must figure out how to regain control of a firm whose employees are its only real assets.

The matter could be resolved through compromise, or the workers could make good their threat to form their own company and leave CTIP a shell. In any case, the Italians would like to make one thing clear: "We are not anti-American," says Guglielmo Betto, a rebel employee leader. "Some of our best clients are American companies."

MONEY

Where the Gold Has Gone

For months, international moneymen have been trying to solve a nagging mystery: What could South Africa be doing with the enormous quantities of gold—77% of the non-Communist world's output—that it mines? The question is much more than an intellectual game for economists. It involves such practical matters as the future of the South African economy, the value of the U.S. dollar and the whole intricate mechanism of international gold trading.

South Africa badly needs to sell gold to pay for its imports; but other nations have not been buying its bullion for their monetary reserves since 1968, when the U.S. persuaded central bankers to join a boycott. That move was part of a power play intended to blunt South Africa's campaign for an increase in the price of gold. U.S. officials hoped to force South Africa to dump its gold on free markets in London and Switzerland and thus drive the free-market price down to the \$35-per-ounce level that prevails in deals between governments. The boycott apparently had little effect. South Africa has obviously not been dumping gold on the free markets, because prices in London and Switzerland have remained about \$40 per ounce.

Even so, South Africa has been selling somewhere. South African Reserve Bank statistics show that just about all of the \$560 million worth of gold that the country has mined so far this year has been sent abroad.

Pride and Profit. TIME's European Economic Correspondent Robert Ball has pieced together an explanation. Most of the gold, Ball reports, has been flown to Switzerland and bought by three banks: Crédit Suisse, Union Bank and Swiss Bank Corp. Motivated by pride and profit, the three banks formed a syndicate a year ago and began to buy newly mined South African gold. They wanted Zurich to challenge London's position as the leading gold market, and they also figured to sell the gold at a lucrative markup. By carefully controlling their marketing practices, they could keep the free-market price from becoming depressed. They sold the gold to industrial users, private hoarders and

speculators—but only when demand was strong enough to make the deal pay off. Indeed, when the free-market price weakened slightly last month, the three Swiss banks bought more gold in London to help prop it up.

The syndicate, however, has been unable to take all the gold that South Africa has offered. The Bank of Portugal has broken the central-bank boycott and bought some of the rest at the official \$35 price. The Lisbon bankers took about \$145 million worth in 1968 and another \$120 million worth early this year. Johannesburg moneymen also believe that South Africa has loaned some gold to other African nations.

Compromise Talk. In addition, central bankers strongly suspect that South Africa has deposited some of its gold in foreign banks and subtracted the deposits from its figures on gold reserves. That ploy would tend to make the boycott look even more ineffective than it is. Brit-

be raised and the dollar thereby devalued. Any agreement would probably be denounced by political liberals in the U.S. as unconscionable aid to one of the world's most racist nations. But a deal that would dissipate doubts about the integrity of the dollar would obviously help the U.S. too.

WALL STREET

Opening Up the Club

The New York Stock Exchange, long castigated by Government and other critics for acting as a private club run for the profit of a privileged few, moved last week to revise its membership. The exchange's Board of Governors caught many Wall Streeters by surprise by voting to allow its members to sell stock in their own firms to the public. At the same time, the board said that by year's end it would consider permitting mutual funds and other financial institutions

either to join the exchange as associates or find some way to grant them discounts on the commissions that they pay on transactions.

Public ownership has been studied and restudied ever since Merrill Lynch suggested the idea in 1963. The issue was brought to a boil in May, when Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, an aggressive company that specializes in institutional business, needed new sources of capital to finance expansion, and announced that it was willing to quit the exchange in order to go public. Since then, Chairman Daniel J. Cullen of Waiston & Co. has said that his firm will go public if the exchange approves. Members of regional exchanges have also started pressing for permission to sell stock.

Traditionally, brokerage firms have been financed out of partners' pockets. But private capital can no longer hire the clerks and lease the computers needed to handle the flood of paperwork created by the huge increase in trading volume, nor can private money support the costly research staff demanded by today's increasingly sophisticated investor.

Hard Decisions. The board's proposals must now be approved by the 1,366 members of the exchange and by the Securities and Exchange Commission. And if approval is granted, the exchange must find a way to prevent disruptive takeovers of member firms by speculators, or even by the Mafia. Another problem is that many of the smaller firms will have a hard time selling their securities in competition with the big brokerage houses; and some are likely to fold for lack of capital. The smaller firms, which have relatively high overhead, also stand to be hurt by volume discounts for the institutional buyers. In general, the se-



GOLD IN PRETORIA BANK
Answer to the riddle.

ish statistics show that \$222 million in South African gold entered the U.K. last year. Most of it is probably to be found in South Africa's account at the Bank of England, which does not divulge what it is holding—but which has received South African gold ever since that country's first mines were dug.

Although it is partially beating the boycott, South Africa needs to sell even more gold to pay for its foreign purchases. Its officials have begun informal talks with the U.S. for some kind of compromise. Under one plan previously proposed by the U.S., South Africa would sell all of its gold in free markets but could sell some to central banks at \$35 if the free-market price dropped to that level or below.

Johannesburg bankers imply that as part of any such compromise ending to the boycott, South Africa would drop its insistence that the official \$35 price

curities industry seems to be moving toward lower commissions for the institutions and higher commissions for small, individual traders.

For all the many problems involved in public ownership and volume discounts, the Wall Street Establishment can no longer afford the luxury of putting off its decision. The SEC and the Justice Department have made clear that they are ready to step in, if necessary, to open up the club and reduce the commissions on big trades.

BLACK CAPITALISM

Into the Big Leagues

Black capitalism is progressing at a disappointingly slow pace, but one group of Negro businessmen is moving ahead at a near sprint. They are athlete-entrepreneurs, and they are scoring as handsomely in business as they have in baseball, football, basketball or track. "It could be that black athletes are setting the pattern, building the momentum," says Ernie Banks, the Chicago Cubs first baseman, who is a partner in a flourishing Ford dealership on the South Side. Though the appearance of black athletes in force is a fairly recent phenomenon, already about 1,000 black-owned enterprises are run by past or present stars of sport.

The accomplished athlete normally starts his business career with important advantages: a well-known name, quite likely a college degree, and a bankroll. "The black athlete has an opportunity to get closer to capitalism than other black men," says Meredith Gourdine, a onetime Olympic long jumper who now heads his own scientific research and development firm in New Jersey. "He has been around money longer, seen how it is made and how it is used."

Yardage from Football. In addition to being a defensive end for the Boston Patriots, Melvin Witt, 23, works as a salaried consultant to Boston's Office of Human Rights and heads a small advertising and public relations firm. Erich Barnes, a Cleveland Browns defensive back, readily admits that his Barnes Enterprises, Inc., a public relations firm, has gained considerable yardage from his football background. "You can get in the door if they've heard of you," Barnes says, "and that is half the battle." Once inside, Barnes tells white businessmen that "if they want the black man as a consumer, they are going to have to encourage him as a producer." Barnes and his nine-man staff primarily help big companies find black firms that can supply goods and services.

Customers obviously enjoy buying Mutual of New York policies from former Boston Celtics Ace K. C. Jones, now head basketball coach at Brandeis University; he has earned membership in the insurance industry's "Million-Dollar Round Table." Maury Wills, the Dodgers' speedy shortstop, does a brisk business at his six Stolen Base Cleaners in the Los Angeles area; he is cur-



WILLS AT "STOLEN BASE CLEANERS"



NAULLS AT SHOPPING CENTER SITE



KEYS AT "ALL-PRO CHICKEN"
In the door is half the battle.

rently expanding the chain into a nationwide franchise operation.

Black athletes are capitalizing on their star value in the fast-growing field of franchising. Wilt Chamberlain has a Diners Fugazy Travel franchise in Los Angeles, and Lou Brock holds a Dodge dealership in East St. Louis. Retired Celtics Forward Willie Naulls, who now lives in Los Angeles, has a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise and a shopping center in the Watts-Compton area. He plans to open his own chain of Soulville, U.S.A., take-out food stores, which are to be designed along the lines of the shack he lived in as a child in Texas. Brady Keys, a former Pittsburgh Steelers defensive back, is president of "All-Pro Chicken," which he set up in 1967 with the help of the First National City Bank. Keys has sold 150 franchises—many to other black athletes—in eleven cities.

Some of the athletes give non-athletes an assist in business. The Cleveland-based Black Economic Union, founded four years ago by ex-Fullback Jim Brown and some of his Browns teammates, has offices in six cities to help blacks find jobs, business advice and capital. Brown, who worked off-season promoting Pepsi-Cola before he went to Hollywood, thinks that the next goal will be to encourage black businessmen to sell common stock and build large public corporations. "The black businessman does not want to give up 10% of his stock," Brown says. "He does not quite understand what it means to have control rather than the whole pie. Going big is an experience most black people never had." When black capitalism joins the big leagues, black athletes may be among the leaders.

ENTREPRENEURS

The High Ride on Free Time

"I can see it only getting better and better. Wages are going higher, and hours are getting shorter. People have got to have a place to spend it." That is the basic business maxim of Kirk Kerkorian, the travel-and-leisure entrepreneur whose retiring manner belies the fact that in 20 years he has amassed a fortune estimated at \$275 million.

By betting on his conviction that the leisure field is bound to grow, Kerkorian has become second only to Billionaire Howard Hughes as a developer in Las Vegas. Kerkorian dislikes being compared with Hughes, saying, "He is a mountain, but I'm a molehill." Still, he outdid Hughes by building a 1,519-room hotel, the International, opposite Hughes' new 476-room Landmark Hotel (TIME, July 11). The International cost Kerkorian \$52 million and is designed for family-style leisure amidst pools, lagoons and tennis courts; there is even a special camp for juvenile guests. Kerkorian is also the largest stockholder in Western Airlines, which serves Las Vegas and other Western cities. That investment could bring him

**Cars built to do 175 need
all the protection they can
get from a motor oil.**



So does your car.

Strange as it may sound, the engine that averages thirty and rarely gets hot needs protection just as much as one that races around at a hundred plus.

Super Shell Motor Oil is all the protection your car could possibly need. It exceeds all U.S. car manufacturers' requirements.

Just because you don't drive like you need a crash helmet doesn't mean your engine needs any less protection.





KERORIAN AT LAS VEGAS INTERNATIONAL
Quite a mighty molehill.

into even closer competition with Hughes, who is trying to win control of Air West, which flies approximately the same routes.

Flight by Cattle Boat. Kerorian does not care much for the thrill of the roulette wheel. He lives with his British-born wife and their two young daughters in a \$250,000 ranch house next to Las Vegas' Desert Inn golf course. Only recently has the slim, dark-haired entrepreneur begun to show signs that the jet-set life might appeal to him. Last winter, he launched a 147-ft. motor yacht and traded up from a Lockheed Jetstar to a white-and-green DC-9 jet in which he installed a lavish office. It was the first such plane in the world acquired for personal use; a second was sold later to Playboy Hugh Hefner.

The son of Armenian immigrants who fled a Turkish massacre by cattle boat, Kerorian was reared on a farm in California's San Joaquin Valley. He dropped out of school in the eighth grade to help the family and was signed on as a logger for \$25 a month in the Civilian Conservation Corps. Every spare penny that he earned in a variety of odd jobs went for flying lessons, and he qualified as a civilian flying instructor with the Army Air Corps at the beginning of World War II. Later, as a civilian pilot for Britain's Royal Air Force, he ferried bombers from Montreal to England.

Like many wartime pilots, Kerorian started his own little airline after the war. His capital investment was \$17,000. The company, Los Angeles Air Service, kept busy mainly by flying gamblers to Las Vegas. Kerorian got to know them and their town well.

Military contracts in the Korean War gave his airline a mighty boost. By 1959,

with a worldwide charter business, Kerorian renamed his outfit Trans International Airlines; three years later, he started switching to jets. The new planes were so expensive that Kerorian overextended himself, but he managed to turn a near-disaster into a financial coup. He sold TIA to Studebaker in 1962, retaining a share of the airline's subsequent earnings as part of the sales price. Record profits produced by the jets enabled him to buy back the entire line two years later. He sold TIA a second time in 1968 for \$90 million worth of Transamerica Corp. stock, which he completely unloaded by last month for about \$108 million in cash. Part went to pay for Kerorian's 31% interest in Western Airlines and part to finance the International Hotel.

Preferably Acapulco. In Las Vegas, Kerorian has been lucky from the start. His earliest real-estate deal involved the purchase of a 40-acre plot on the Strip for \$900,000. Caesars Palace was built there; its owners paid Kerorian \$660,000 annual rent, until he sold out last year for \$5 million. He also bought control of the famed but money-losing Flamingo in 1967, then reorganized, redecorated and earned 33% on his investment in the next year.

Should Las Vegas become too confining for Kerorian, there are plenty of other places in the world to go. "I'd sooner do something in Acapulco than in Europe," he says, "but if there's a good deal, I'll go anywhere." Wherever it is, the busy entrepreneur expects to wring handsome profits from other people's free time.

RETAILING

Gucci on the Go

Who would pay \$1,480 for a crocodile handbag? Or \$1,150 for a solid gold-mesh belt? Or \$500 for a three-piece set of calf luggage? Those who would—and do—constitute the glittering clientele of Gucci, the Florentine leather company that offers fancy quality at fancy prices. Before flying off to wed Aristotle Onassis, Jacqueline Kennedy stopped at Gucci's Manhattan shop to select a brown crocodile handbag. Darryl Zanuck had Gucci copy his favorite 30-year-old valise, and Capucine bought a leather dog carrier. Frank Sinatra recently sent his secretary to pick up a pair of moccasins. Other regular patrons include Rothschilds and Rockefellers, movie stars and magnates from several continents.

The Symbol. Gucci spares neither time nor money to turn out the products that more and more people want in an increasingly affluent world. Even shopgirls and clerks seem willing to spend beyond their means to own the same kind of luggage or clothes as Jackie or Frankie or Princess Lee. The Gucci shoe, a chunky loafer with a metal snaffle across the instep and a price tag from \$31 to \$49, has become one of



ALDO GUCCI IN MANHATTAN STORE*
Perhaps it's time to flirt.

those subtleties of dress that are supposed to separate the Main Line from the wrong side of the tracks. Enriched by demand for such symbols, Gucci has opened branches in London, Paris, Manhattan, Palm Beach and Beverly Hills. Last year the company increased its assets to an estimated \$28 million.

Expansion has been paid for entirely from profits. Aldo Gucci, one of the directors, says: "We do not believe in flirting with banks." But the company is beginning to outgrow its own financing. Last week Aldo Gucci revealed that it plans soon to sell some shares of its U.S. operation to the public.

Cottage Industry. The Guccis—Aldo and two brothers—trace their family's merchant tradition in Florence to 1410. For the past six decades, members of the clan have prospered by selling expensive handcrafted leather goods. In the past year they have begun producing dresses and men's pants in a fabric made of linen and synthetics, and monogrammed with tiny Gs; it matches the material of a new line of suitcases.

The brothers or their aides inspect as many as 100 crocodile skins before choosing the four that make one handbag. Shoes and other leather goods are made from the hides of Tuscan cattle that are not allowed to leave their stalls at all lest they be scratched. The Guccis' staff of 185 workers, helped by peasants who work for Gucci in their homes around Florence, shape and sew as many as 7,000 pairs of shoes each month, plus pigskin bags made of 130 separate pieces. "There is not much that you can teach a Florentine about merchandising or craftsmanship," says Aldo Gucci.

* With Model Lisa Palmer, a customer.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Space Odyssey 1969

When you read about Mark Twain's Mississippi raftsmen and pilots, or Bret Harte's Western gold miners, they seem more remote than the cannibals of the Stone Age. The reason is simply that they are free human beings.

—George Orwell

The two men straddle motorcycles instead of horses, and they smoke marijuana instead of tobacco. But the central characters in *Easy Rider* are as remote as the freedom they are seeking. Wyatt (Peter Fonda) is a vague, unshaven pothead who likes to refer to himself as "Captain America." His manic sidekick Billy (Dennis Hopper) has a droopy Stephen Crane mustache and shiny eyes fixed on some wild interior vision. Flush from the profits of dope selling, the cyclists symbolically cast off their wristwatches and head for that persistent American symbol of adventure, The Road.

In the course of this alternately acute and naive odyssey, Wyatt and Billy carom from ranch to hippie commune to jail to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. En route, they pick up a Civil Liberties lawyer named George Hanson. As it emerges in the film, the lawyer's part is only a mug shot of a wry, wistful hooper. But in his first major role, Jack Nicholson proves that he knows far more about acting than either of his co-stars. His elegies for a vanished life are melancholy without being bathetic; his marijuana-flavored description of a UFO

takeover of the U.S. is a perfect comedy within a flawed tragedy.

Bedeviled Minds. With the single exception of Nicholson, *Easy Rider*'s authentic force resides not in its professional but its amateur performances. Filming throughout the Southwest, first-time Director Hopper let the townspeople "rap" as they pleased, then caught them on camera. The result is a harrowing gallery of American primitives, from mindless high-school girls to the redneck truck drivers who chase the cyclists' long hair and ad-lib: "Looks like refugees from some gorilla love-in . . . We ought to mate 'em up with . . . black wenches. That's as low as you can git."

Ironically, the film has less to say when the stars step forward. Their visit with the hippies is sticky and overlong; only the owner of a motorcycle or a gasoline company could remain entranced by the endless sequences of Wyatt and Billy throttling down endless roads. Moreover, the riders often lack perspective on themselves. Their "search for America" is rather like eyes looking for a face; they are part of what they seek.

Still, these are minor lapses in a major movie. In terms of contemporary mores and methods, *Easy Rider* has told its story from the far side of the generation gap. For once the aura of evil that clings to drug-and-motorcycle movies is gone. Like other films directed to—and by—youth, *Easy Rider* could have settled for catcalls and rebellion. Instead the film has refurbished the classic romantic gospel of the outcast wan-



They have a man-sized job to do - -

when they grow up. *How* they grow up is the heart of the matter. For their own sakes, and for the kind of world we want our children to live in, they should become healthy, educated, self-supporting adults. But hunger maims the body, malnourishment deadens the mind—and there goes their future.

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HOPPER, FONDA & HIPPIE IN "EASY RIDER"
Starring nobodies, directed by a weirdo.

It started out as a simple peanut.

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Brand names are what manufacturers call their products. You see them on every package. These product names compete with one another. Try to offer more. More variety. Satisfaction. Consistent quality. Value. And they let you know about it through advertising. Let you know the facts. And if they don't live up to what they say they don't have their names for very long.

When brand names compete, products get better. Ever notice?

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.



derer. Walt Whitman might not have recognized the bikes—but he would have understood the message.

Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America and author of the movies' new rating system, may be astonished to learn that he is the father of *Easy Rider* (rated R). In a speech before the M.P.A.A. in 1967, Valenti said he was weary, weary, weary of the excesses in drug and motorcycle films. He wished for theaters full of Doctor Dolittles. Waiting in the wings, the next speaker made a perverse resolution: to make a good movie about drugs and motorcycles.

Like most of Peter Fonda's fantasies, it should have faded with the morning. For Fonda is a loser by every Hollywood definition. He is not only known as Henry's son but as Jane's brother. At 20, he was admittedly "paranoic"; at 24, he escaped the Army when his draft board found him too unstable for military service. His vanilla screen-acting style was best expressed in such films as *Tammy and the Doctor*. Offscreen, Fonda began a new vocation—as an alcoholic who ended at least one motorcycle ride in a Hollywood hospital. When he was discharged, he gave up vodka and took up marijuana. "That changed my whole mind," recalls Fonda. "My conscience began to show. I was no longer competitive. I grew my hair and sometimes a beard." Getting busted for possessing pot simply confirmed his new convictions. "I began to get less offers from Hollywood. I developed the reputation of being a difficult person."

Ultimate Sacrifice. If Fonda was difficult, his close friend and fellow *Easy Rider* was impossible. A compatriot of James Dean, Director Dennis Hopper has become the caricature of the surly, inarticulate "man, like I mean" Method actor. He had once announced to Fonda that "the first movie I make will have to win at Cannes." But his appearances in films belied the boast. The mad stare, the simian stance could have been reproduced, everyone thought, by a dozen actors. Everyone but Peter Fonda. He persuaded Terry Southern (*Dr. Strangelove*) to collaborate on the *Easy Rider* script, and talked American International Pictures, creators of the beach and motorcycle placebos, into producing a film starring nobodies and directed by a weirdo. When A.I.P. refused to put up enough money to launch the project, Fonda made the ultimate rich boy's sacrifice: he took a loan on his trust fund.

Ranging around the Southwest, Director Hopper abruptly changed into a budget-watching craftsman. He avoided expensive featherbedding by hiring personnel outside the regular Hollywood trade unions, and used friends who worked for scale. He surrounded them with ordinary passersby whose faces no Central Casting agent could reproduce.

When he told the high school girls

"I want one of you to ask us if you can go for a ride on our bikes," the girls were way ahead of him. "Don't tell us any more," said one. "We know how to flirt." The drugstore loafers needed no instructions in hostility. "Are you a Commie? You on welfare? You got V.D.? Or hepatitis?" The questions followed the movie makers as they filmed onlookers from Arizona to Baton Rouge. On film, they retain the sting of spontaneity and conviction. The only query that could have hurt—Can you make a movie?—was never asked.

There was, however, a kind of answer. *Dr. Dolittle*, starring Rex Harrison and 1,000 animals, has gone on to become one of the screen's biggest losers. There is no guarantee that the Fonda-Hopper movie, starring no one of consequence, will be any more profitable. But this spring, at the Cannes Film Festival, first prize for a new director went to Dennis Hopper for his work on *Easy Rider*. If such a rakehell film can get international approbation, there are only two courses open to the Motion Picture Association: prohibition of drug- and motorcycle movies—or of speeches by Jack Valenti.

False Alarm

"I thought I told you never to come here," barks the man at his mistress. The line is a cliché, but then so is the situation. A British salesman, Steve Howard (Rod Steiger), picks up a snippy, nubile hitchhiker named Ella (Judy Geeson). In a little black notebook, Ella has been rating her loves the way a teacher marks her pupils. After a night in a Birmingham hotel, she grants the salesman an A minus, a mark that prompts him to give his wife a D.

Howard blithely offers to make Ella his weekend resort, but she is not content to be "a quick bash." Instead, she manages to find his home. At the doorway, all wide eyes and teary voice, she introduces herself to Mrs. Howard (Claire Bloom) as a poor, pregnant runaway stranded far from home. But *3 Into 2 Won't Go*, as the title says, and the *ménage à trois* quickly proves insupportable. The truth is that even when it was a *ménage à deux*, the Howards were a loveless, childless couple. At the first signs of offspring, Howard decides to abandon his bed and board to run off with the girl. When Ella's alarm turns out false, so do the marriage, the liaison—and the poses of all the principals.

Under Peter Hall's restrained direction, Bloom and Steiger prove adept as stiff-upper-lip types. They are given fervent support by Geeson and by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. But no troupe could be expert enough to elevate *3 Into 2* from its confined and pallid plot.

Sad to say, the film will probably be noted less for its deliberate ironies than for its unconscious one. Last month, after seven years of marriage, Rod Steiger and Claire Bloom were divorced.

BOOKS

The Witness as Prophet

THE FOUR-GATED CITY by Doris Lessing. 613 pages. Knopf. \$7.50.

Fans of British Novelist Doris Lessing talk about a composite character called the Lessing Woman in much the same way as people once talked about the Hemingway Man. The Lessing Woman is a formidable female. She hasn't been to a university but she has read everything and remembers it. Her ideals are high and unsullied. She works (or has worked) at lost political causes. Although she loathes marriage, she game-

No such luck. Instead, she fetches up as secretary-housekeeper to Mark Coldridge, a leftist writer whose crowded Bloomsbury house is a Dostoevskian rendering of the Victorian family. "Everything as sick and neurotic and hopeless as you can imagine. A dominating mama over all, and a wife in a mental hospital, and a man just sitting waiting for some sucker like me to cope with everything," she muses. The household rocks with emotion—pent-up, misdirected, short-circuited. Martha is nearly driven out by the sound of solitary whimpering behind closed doors.

In the hands of a writer with a gram of sentimentality the situation would be ludicrous. But as with all Lessing novels, the immersed reader is too involved to laugh. The reaction is more akin to horror. People are suffering because they are caught in the breakdown of society. Private institutions like marriage and the family lead to isolation or madness; public causes and institutions reflect that madness in alternating currents of paranoia and greed. Old activists like Mark Coldridge have quit fighting. His only political activity is to keep two huge world maps, one charting wars and riots, the other showing stockpiles of nuclear, chemical and bacteriological weapons.

Futuristic Coda. If Lessing has given up on politics, she has not given up causes, and in Mark's wife Lynda lies the key to her new radical direction. As the book progresses, Martha becomes more camera than character, and Lynda takes over as the book's imaginative center. It becomes clear that she is not mad at all but maimed—by a troubled childhood, by marriage to Mark, by years of corrosive drugs casually administered in mental hospitals. She is also a mystical speaker of truth whose hallucinations are eerily accurate. She hears voices, consults cards, studies astrological charts. She and Martha sit down and reread the classics with "openings in their brains. What they searched for was everywhere, all around them, like a finer air shimmering in the flat air of every day."

Shocking as it may be to her disciplined following of rationalists, Lessing is coming out for ESP, and fearless as ever, she writes her way right into the 1990s to prove her point. Like Mark's maps come to life, Lessing depicts most centers of civilization as destroyed by nuclear and bacterial chaos. Survivors huddle together in remote regions, and a human mutant begins to flourish: a people in touch with the past and the future not through signs or portents but through a consciousness expanded to link the past with the future.

The futuristic coda comes as a let-down. It is too sketchy either as science fiction or as an ending to a novel whose main strength is its meticulous reading of psychic signals. The author's thesis is hardly novel, but it cannot be ig-

nored: in a sick society, the roles of madness and sanity are reversed. This society is sick unto disaster, so alternatives must be sought in areas removed from what passes as reason. Lessing may be a flawed prophet, but as witness she is persuasive and disturbing.

"There are a lot of dopes in the medical profession," says Doris Lessing. "In ten or 15 years, people will regard this as the Dark Ages."

Surprisingly, she doesn't say it very loud. Or make an interviewer feel like a dupe of the Dark Age. Her voice is more like a whisper than an assertive British whine, reports TIME's Martha Duffy. Seated in a New York restaurant on her first trip to the U.S., she is



LESSING IN LONDON (1956)
Too involved to laugh.

ly raises children and endures domestic woes. She cooks well, keeps a spotless house (except when depressed) and does excellent writing, research or secretarial work. She is any man's moral and intellectual superior, and she rarely hesitates to tell him so.

Mostly she is Martha Quest of *Children of Violence*, Anna Wulf of *The Golden Notebook*—or Doris Lessing, for virtually all of the author's writing is autobiographical. The *Four-Gated City* is the last of five novels in a Martha Quest series. The first four were set in an imaginary country named Zambesia (Lessing was raised in Rhodesia). They followed Martha through girlhood rebellion against baffled parents, two short bad marriages, immersion in the Communist Party during World War II, and a subsequent period of psychic drying-out.

Sound of Whimpering. The new novel finds her arrived from Zambesia, lugging her suitcase around London in a superexistential funk. When her second marriage collapsed in the previous volume, she had promised herself, "When I get to England, I'll find a man I can really be married to."



LESSING IN NEW YORK (1969)
Questions, not opinions.

more apt to fiddle with the silverware than stare down a companion.

Can it be Doris Lessing—unabashed ex-Communist, uncompromising feminist, the world's most fearless woman novelist? Yes, if you listen carefully. "In time, many people who are now called schizophrenics won't be called ill at all," she continues. "Like Lynda, they are depressed, with good reason to be. All this categorization! Putting a label on something is a way of stopping thinking about it. We should ask psychiatrists many more questions."

That is what Doris Lessing is about—questions, not opinions. She began asking them as a girl growing up in the vast, empty landscape of Rhodesia. Her questions concerned racism, and the answers led her into radical leftistism and membership in a Communist group "so pure it must have been blessed by Lenin in his grave." When she moved to England in 1949, at the beginning of her writing career, she was a party member for a few years.

Over the years, however, politics paled. "At first it's fun, because you get the illusion of achieving. But I've spent my life with political people and

they never accomplish anything. We ex-Communists have a flavor that is instantaneously recognizable to each other—a sort of dryness. It is very hard to get on with the young socialists today. They seem so romantic—as if nothing had ever happened."

Mental Pictures. At 49, she wants to write without encumbrance. "I haven't been married for years, thank God," she says. "No one knows the virtues it requires, and I haven't got them. It's a hair shirt." Yet she quietly insists that "I am an inspired amateur cook," and is serenely, unmistakably feminine, a small woman with delicate features and huge gray eyes that seem to refract light. "People say I'm bleak about being a woman, but that isn't true. I'm bleak about being a human being. We talk about the disasters of the future. Well, the disasters are happening right now all over the world."

Lessing does not merely believe in ESP; she experiences it. In the novel, Martha realizes after a friend's suicide that she had seen it in her mind before it happened. Doris Lessing admits to seeing such pictures "all the time. I am capable of remarkable mental pictures." She believes that ESP is a normal perceptive sense that has atrophied, and that hallucination is often another misnomer—a way that scientists have of labeling things to seal off inquiry. In her new pursuit, she is clear-eyed, dedicated and calm. Her next book is to be called *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*.

Poets and Presidents

WEST POINT: THE MEN AND TIMES OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY by Thomas J. Fleming. 402 pages. Morrow, \$8.50.

Daniel Webster remarked about Dartmouth, "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it." If a similar statement could sum up West Point, it might be found in the words of one devout cadet who said, "It's better to sire an il-

legitimate child than to marry and violate West Point regulations."

The capacity to inspire such awe, affection and loyalty suggests deep roots and firm beginnings. Yet Thomas Fleming's chronicle of West Point shows that the academy established in 1802 was "an uneasy compromise between young America's suspicion of a standing army and the nation's obvious need for soldiers skilled in the art and science of war."

Old Pewter. Treated warily by Congress, the academy on at least one occasion survived an appropriations ballot by a single vote. Fortunately, the performance of West Point officers during America's various wars kept the school from being abolished. In the War of 1812, while the militia (except for Jackson's defense of New Orleans) was a disgrace to the nation, not a single fort constructed by West Point graduates fell into the hands of the British.

However, the school in 1812 still had an air of the comic opera about it. Its salt-box headquarters, "Long Barracks," half a dozen officers' houses, small hospital and tailor shop were surrounded by crumbling forts and ancient, rusting equipment. Its textbooks on warfare were outrageously out of date. Its acting superintendent, Alden ("Old Pewter") Partridge, punished refractory cadets by putting them in an 8-ft.-square pit with a lid on it.

His replacement in 1817 was Major Sylvanus Thayer, the man most responsible for shaping West Point's future. A graduate of the class of 1807, Thayer envisioned a school that would not only produce leaders in wartime but would also train engineers and scientists to develop the growing country. Despite his ability, Thayer was constantly thwarted by Congressmen who saw the fledgling academy as a waste of money and a potential instrument of federal power, and so tried to have it abolished. Political favoritism in Washington forced reinstatement of dismissed cadets. Lack of funds became so cru-



SYLVANUS THAYER (ca. 1845)
Leaders of every sort.

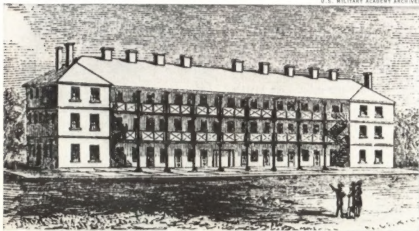
cial that cadets were obliged to take the place of horses in dragging cannon.

Benny's Tavern. Eventually the animosity of President Andrew Jackson toward the school and what he considered its pampered and aristocratic students (despite the fact that these students were forced to sleep on the floor) caused Thayer's resignation. But by that time, the school was well established. Along came students like Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Ulysses S. Grant.

Jeff Davis quickly became a leader of his class but also showed certain rebellious qualities befitting a future President of the Confederacy. Davis was one of the first cadets to be court-martialed for frequenting Benny Havens' off-limits tavern at nearby Buttermilk Falls. There were other charges, including cooking in quarters, spitting on the floor, and "firing his musket from the window of his room." And Ulysses S. Grant, though he was never court-martialed, stole turkeys from the superintendent and roasted them in his fireplace.

Silicon Gas. Everyone is aware that Presidents Grant and Eisenhower passed through the Point, but there were also artists, scientists and businessmen. George Goethals built the Panama Canal. Henry du Pont became an industrialist, and Robert Wood became president of Sears, Roebuck. Edgar Allan Poe, on the other hand, was court-martialed for "gross neglect of duty," and James Whistler failed his chemistry exam. "If silicon were a gas," he said later, "I would be a major general today."

Despite the current suspicion of the military, West Point's disciplined and talented men have profoundly influenced the political, military, scientific and artistic life of the U.S. In the reflective style of his earlier books about the Revolutionary and Colonial periods, Fleming proves that beyond the suspicion lies a relatively unexplored source of the American experience.



OLD SOUTH CADET BARRACKS, ERECTED IN 1815
Commentary on the changing experience.



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